THE CIO'S NEXT STEPS *by Adam Lapin*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS *FEBRUARY 25, 1941*

The Great Tradition

by EARL BROWDER

THE YOUTH GO FIRST—FOR PEACE
by Milton Meltzer

LAW IN THE DUST BOWL
by Ruth McKenney

SIMON LEGREE COMES NORTH
by James Morison

SHOWDOWN *in the* BALKANS *An Editorial*

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THE DECISIOI

AT OUR anniversary meeting we received a telegram from three veterans. They were the old-timers of the MASSES, men whose work you have known for three decades. They wrote: "We, the undersigned, veterans of the Thirty Years' War and among the few surviving founders of the magazine from which stems the NEW MASSES, hail the present fighting staff on this glorious birthday." Their names: Henry B. Glintenkamp, Maurice Becker, and Art Young. We thank these veterans for their tribute. We want, also, to recount here what one of them, Art Young, said to us the other day:

"Well, boys, you're young. I'm an old man, seventy-five. Last year every time my doctor saw me he pulled a long face. I got the feeling that he thought I wasn't going to last through the year. But after reading what's happening in the world through our magazine, I decided to fool him. I've decided to live to a hundred."

That's the spirit of the veterans of the Thirty-Year War. That's the spirit of the people who made this magazine whatever it is: its readers. Yes, it was the NEW MASSES readers who decided this magazine would live these first thirty years; and we know, from that great meeting last Sunday, from the letters we get, from the people who speak with us, that our readers expect the magazine to carry on come hell or high water.

That's the decision. We know that doesn't jibe with what our enemies feel—and hope. You know what the empire-anointed sage of Emporia, William Allen White, remarked upon the founding of the monthly NEW MASSES back in 1926: "It's a lusty infant, but I don't give it six months to live." And in 1939 Mrs. Ogden Reid, owner of the New York "Herald Tribune," was even more bearish on our future. Her paper predicted we wouldn't live until the month was out. Well, both of them were as right about NEW MASSES as they are about nearly everything under the sun. Our opponents just can't understand why the magazine stays alive.

But we do, you do. It is because we are the only magazine in the country that can come to its readers and say:

"Look. Here's how we stand. A weekly magazine is a big proposition. It runs into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Other magazines are liberally endowed or else they get their chief revenue from advertising. Because of our ideas we are not endowed by any millionaires. And because of our ideas we are virtually boycotted by big advertisers. For these reasons we run into an annual deficit of about $25,000 each year. We have reduced expenses; we have cut down on personnel, on cables,

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IS TO LIVE...

and we print on the cheapest possible magazine paper—butcher stock. Paper costs have gone up by twelve percent since the war. Yet we have kept our annual deficit from rising, even cut it this past year.

"Each year we appear week after week by means of loans and by stalling off creditors until the annual drive. The creditors are now at our doors. The paper company, the printer, the engraver, are all there, waiting."

It is within their power to stop us if we cannot pay back the debts incurred. And they would, if it were not for you. We expect this year to be the biggest in our history. We have greater obligations today to the people of America as the nation is dragged step by step into the horrors of the war. It is the greatest, most difficult time in the history of the magazine. And we know we will get greater, more earnest support from you than ever before.

Our drive is on. It began on our thirtieth anniversary at the greatest meeting in the history of the publication. Our readers there—you who read this—fervently agreed with Art Young. The decision was that the magazine live to a hundred.

The creditors are waiting outside our doors. Your immediate response by mail will settle accounts with them. There is much work to be done, much you want us to do, and we need every inch of space in the magazine to do it in. Let's complete this annual drive more quickly than ever before so we can utilize this space for articles, editorials, cartoons, all the ammunition to get America out of this war and to keep it out.

THE EDITORS.

My Immediate Response

NEW MASSES

Established 1911

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY FUND DRIVE

FOR $25,000

NEW MASSES
461 4th Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I enclose $..... as my donation to the NEW MASSES Thirtieth Anniversary Sustaining Fund Drive for $25,000.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

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Between Ourselves

IT WAS a fine birthday party that NM was given at Manhattan Center last Sunday afternoon and it is good to be thirty years old. From the moment Ruth McKenney opened the anniversary meeting and read the congratulations sent by Paul Robeson as typical of the scores of telegrams received from friends throughout the country—and throughout the world—NM's celebration was warm and heartfelt. Exciting and inspiring to the editors, sitting on the stage, was the participation of the 4,500 in the audience. For the celebration, as editor Joseph North said when he spoke for NM's entire staff, was in honor of an American institution which has been kept alive and vigorous by those who believe in it and need it.

In retrospect, the afternoon seems so full that a bare report of events cannot recapture its significance. "What is it that makes these meetings distinctive, something that could not be reproduced by any other group of people in America?" asked Earl Browder in his historic speech, the last before his outrageous sentence was upheld by the Supreme Court. His answer was more than a tribute to all those who have supported and encouraged NM, and its predecessors, the *Masses* and the *Liberator,* for thirty years. As Earl Browder emphasized, "The NEW MASSES represents this great creative movement of the people . . . the NEW MASSES will go ahead, it will move forward, in the forefront of the people." He pointed out it was no accident that the ruling class of the imperialist world denies everything progressive in its past, and by embracing defeatism and reaction, reinterprets its own history to raise Aaron Burr as a hero, Benedict Arnold as a model for our children, the slave-holders of the pre-Civil War South as the flower of our culture, while it besmirches the tradition of Washington, Paine, Jefferson, Douglass, and Lincoln. Only those who know that the people themselves cannot be destroyed, their creative genius can never be gainsaid, are able to create an atmosphere "out of which have been able to grow most of the living manifestations of American culture today." And so the banner of NM, product of that confidence in the future of the working class and its allies, "will be standing at the celebration of the final victory of the people over all the exploiters and oppressors" which will come before it is time to celebrate another thirty years of the magazine's history.

The other speakers paid tribute to NM's thirty years' war. Dr. Harry F. Ward, formerly chairman of the American League for Peace and Democracy, constant fighter for everything that democracy implies, told of his thirty years' participation in NM and in the struggles reflected in its pages. And, he added, the distinguishing characteristic of the magazine's history is not that he disagreed at times with the editors—for unless a magazine could stimulate thought and discussion it would serve no purpose—but that disagreement meant sinking one's teeth into solid, challenging debate on subjects that led to clearer understanding and decisive action. In contrast, disagreement with the liberal weeklies led to no such result, since these publications deserted all semblance of upholding any progressive idea tentatively advocated during less strenuous and decisive times.

The tribute paid to NM by Dr. Max Yergan, chairman of the National Negro Congress, pointed to NM as the constant, vigilant fighter for the very basis of democracy—the full social, political, and economic equality of all oppressed people, and particularly the Negro people. Throughout this country, Dr. Yergan said, NM leads in every struggle for the basic rights of this great section of our population; throughout the world, it more and more becomes the spokesman of the millions deprived of fundamental liberty.

Particularly brilliant were the two new dances presented by Anna Sokolow and her group, dedicated to the Spanish people's poet, Garcia Lorca, and to Sylvester Revueltas, Mexican composer, who died last year. Miss Sokolow's solo, "Exile," with music by Alex North and sung by Arno Tanney, was received enthusiastically as a high spot in her consistently fine contributions to the dance. In addition, Earl Robinson, composer of "Ballad for Americans," presented sections of his new opera based on Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes* with the American People's Chorus and Michael Loring as soloist.

Two of the artists associated with the magazine for almost its entire history spoke a few words of greeting. Robert Minor, the great cartoonist of the last war, formerly foreign editor of the magazine, and now a political leader affectionately and appropriately named "Fighting Bob" by the Spanish vets, pointed out that NM carried on where the Abolitionists of another day left off. William Gropper, whose cartoons for twenty-three years have provided the magazine with brilliant and incisive political comment, explained that the best in art could be found only with those men and women who had something to say and needed to say it—and that those artists had always found NM the medium through which they could talk to the people of America.

It was a wonderful birthday party. The collection, taken by Bruce Minton, successfully launched the present drive for funds to carry on the magazine. Thirty years have passed. With confidence and excitement, NM enters its second thirty years. The birthday party gave the staff of NM great joy. It also reaffirmed the responsibility entrusted to them by those whose ambitions and thoughts are expressed in the magazine. The people—yes.

In an early issue NM will publish the article many people have been waiting for. It is the story of how a responsible publisher and book club can foist a tremendous hoax on the public—Jan Valtin's (nee Richard Krebs,) *Out of the Night,* the most recent addition to the camarilla of poison pen writers such as Isaac Don Levine and Benjamin Stolberg.

Who's Who

ADAM LAPIN is NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Milton Meltzer's articles have appeared frequently in this magazine. . . . James Morison is a free-lance labor journalist. . . . Samuel Putnam is a well known writer and critic. . . . Herbert Aptheker is the author of three works on the Negro in American life. . . . Isabel Cooper has often reviewed art exhibits for NM.

Flashbacks

AS WE see the administration taking Earl Browder off to prison before the beginning of official participation in World War II, we are reminded that ruling-class wrath against working-class leaders did not come to an end on Armistice Day in World War I. Victor Berger, J. Louis Engdahl, and three other militant Socialists who had led the anti-war struggle were sentenced on Feb. 20, 1919, to twenty years in prison. . . . The speed with which Congress is speeding through the fascistic lend-lease bill is in strong contrast to action taken just two years ago on another bill which would really have strengthened our democracy. On Feb. 21, 1938, after a thirty-day filibuster, Congress laid aside the Anti-Lynch Bill. . . . Another important anniversary in the history of the struggle for Negro liberation falls due this week. Frederick Douglass, revolutionary Negro leader, died Feb. 20, 1895.

THIS WEEK

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXVIII FEBRUARY 25, 1941 NUMBER 10

The Great Tradition

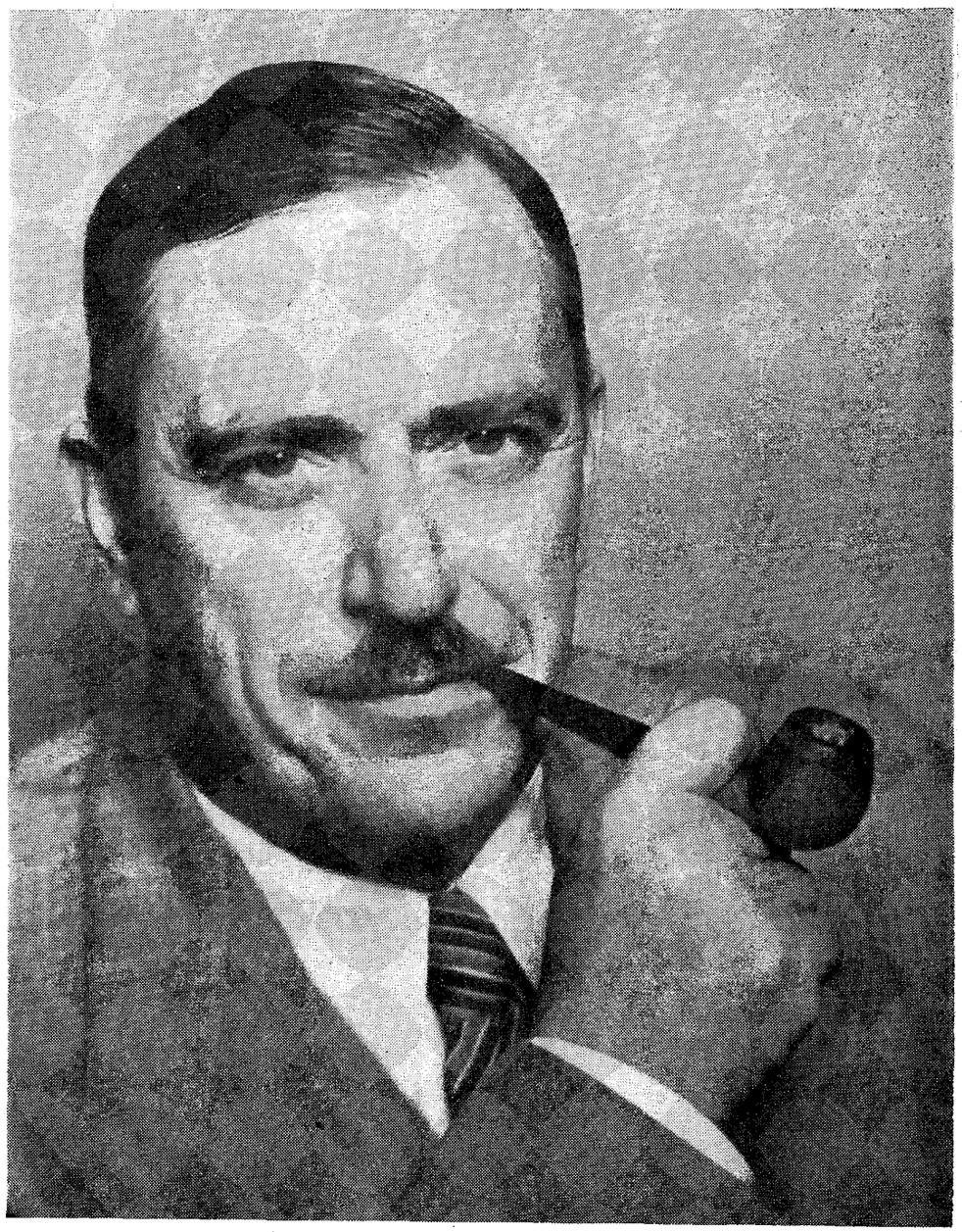
Earl Browder contrasts two cultures. What a dying class can never destroy. Millions are absorbing the lessons of the new society. The clear voices of tomorrow.

Earl Browder has been condemned to four years in the penitentiary. The day before the Supreme Court announced its decision refusing to reopen his case, Mr. Browder delivered the address we print below. It was made at the thirtieth anniversary meeting of NEW MASSES. *It is our conviction that the reason the authorities are putting Mr. Browder behind prison walls has nothing whatever to do with the flimsy passport charges filed against him. It is our belief—and that of millions more like us—that he is being sent to prison to prevent him from telling the truth, stop him from making speeches such as the one you will read on this page.—The Editors.*

COMRADES and Friends: I am very happy to join with you in the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of this great institution, NEW MASSES. I should really have been permitted to be a listener this afternoon, not a talker. One should not speak at such an important occasion, at such a great gathering, without adequate preparation. I came here without that necessary preparation. I will therefore speak quite at random and extemporaneously. My remarks will largely be my spontaneous reactions to the magnificent program given to us and that magnificent anniversary edition of NEW MASSES issued this week.

As I sat here I asked myself the question: What is it that makes these meetings distinctive, something that could not be reproduced by any other group of people in America? What is it that brings this audience, the readers of NEW MASSES, together and makes this institution live although, according to the prevailing standards of our society, it should be a financially bankrupt institution, tottering on the edge of the abyss every moment of existence? What is it that brings the supporters of this magazine together and enables it to surmount every crisis? What is it that makes one proud to think to himself: I helped save NEW MASSES? And there are tens of thousands of us and we are all congratulating ourselves at one time or other that each of us has saved the NEW MASSES.

We are a unique group. We are searching for truth. And that binds us together with a bond that transcends most ordinary bonds, that gives us a power to do things that ordinary aggregations of humanity cannot do. Out of this fellowship that has been built up over the years and grows stronger and stronger, we have created an institution in which we are collectively not only the direct producers of the magazine, but its readers. We have created that atmosphere, or, better still, we have fertilized the American soil out of which has been able to grow most of the living manifestations of American culture today.



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It is not an accident that even the decrepit and decaying American bourgeoisie, in order to conduct its struggle against us, has to borrow its weapons from our arsenal. It is no accident that the Republican National Convention, in order to make any kind of a cultural face, had to put on Earl Robinson's "Ballad for Americans." That is typical, and even if they want to produce a great best seller for the bourgeoisie, they have to resort to some crook who had sneaked into our midst and had been kicked out. This great best seller of the day—what is the name of it—*Out of the Sewer?* That is a symbol of the culture of the American bourgeoisie today, a real symbol that stands for the cultural level to which the rulers of this country have descended. The whole machinery of the great American society, the most powerful nation in the world, is put to work to spread that book over the face of America.

We have our best seller. Our best seller this year is the Dean of Canterbury. That is a symbol of the cultural life that we are bringing to America. Let the two camps be judged by their best sellers—capitalism, with its *Out of the Sewer;* socialism, with the Dean of Canterbury's *The Soviet Power.*

THESE CONTRASTS run throughout every phase of life. We have already registered in various publications in the past period the development of this profoundly reactionary current in American history and literature, the bourgeois revaluation of its own past and its repudiation of its own past. Years ago when we first began to speak in clear and definite tones in our claim as the inheritors of the American revolutionary tradition, as the modern representatives of Washington, Jefferson, Paine, and Lincoln, some people thought that this was merely a sort of protective coloration put on by those terrible Reds who wanted to tear down this American tradition and in order to do it, hid themselves in a Trojan Horse and disguised themselves as the advocates of the American tradition. If anyone has any lingering suspicions of that any more, just let him look around at what the thinkers, writers, spokesmen, and ideologists of our ruling class are doing and saying today. The most significant history that they brought out in this past period was the debunking of Washington and the raising of General Conway to the position of the misunderstood genius of the American Revolution—Conway of the notorious Conway cabal! One of the most serious historical studies they have brought forward has been the belated recognition of Benedict Arnold and his restoration to the galaxy of American heroes! One of the most significant schools of thought which is gaining great recognition and influence in our history circles is to restore Aaron Burr as a model for the youth of today!

The greatest literary effort of the bourgeoisie in the past period has been *Gone With the Wind,* a "great effort" eighty years after the Civil War, to refurbish the glories of a slave society and to drag down the great tradition of Lincoln and the emancipation struggle. One of the current efforts of the great movie trust is the "epic" picture "Santa Fe Trail," built upon the thesis that the great John Brown was a dirty little Red, a fanatic advocating force and violence, an enemy of society, of all that is good and gracious in culture, and that the representatives of human dignity and decency and culture of that day are not John Brown or Abraham Lincoln, but the flower of the slave system. The great general is Robert E. Lee, in charge of the hanging of John Brown. I don't know why they did not bring in also one of his assistants at that hanging, John Wilkes Booth, who is unquestionably also one of the heroes that they still keep in the closet and who will be revealed to us in the second dispensation of the new culture that the bourgeoisie is giving to America today.

As in all of these other things, so in our political life we are being given one of the most profoundly reactionary regimes that not only America but the world has ever seen, covered with the tawdry trappings of a cheaply bought progressive reputation. American politics today are so completely reactionary, corrupt, and degenerate that even the Burton K. Wheeler who four years ago was the leader of the reactionary camp in the fight around the Supreme Court, stands out in that swamp in Washington as a sort of a progressive giant.

The only voice, clear and uncompromising, that we hear in the official circles of America is the lone American Labor Congressman, Vito Marcantonio.

A GREAT WAVE of reaction has engulfed America. In appearance it is overwhelmingly strong, and we are a puny handful who stand up and brave the lightning of their storms, apparently doomed to utter annihilation. That is the appearance. But behind this surface appearance the reality is something else. This great gathering of the forces of reaction, this unlimited offensive against everything that is honest and decent in American life is a sign not of the strength of reaction in America; it is a sign that the whole ruling class today is becoming conscious of its own doom. It is a sign that the American bourgeoisie has read its own death warrant and is in a hysterical fit of resistance to the inevitable. And we, though small in numbers today—and the future always first presents itself not with the majority but with a small minority—we represent the future of America. We represent the American search for truth; we represent the American tradition of democracy, of government of, by and for the people. We represent honest thought and culture; we represent the search for beauty; we represent the creative power of the masses. And that is why the future belongs to us. If the bourgeoisie still dreams that in America they can continue their bankrupt and decrepit system by adopting the new technique of Adolf Hitler, let them take a second thought. That is a false hope. They did not begin the job quickly enough. Already there is such a growing opinion, knowledge, culture, understanding, intellectual power in the masses of America that the most powerful reactionary regime can never cut it out.

Rodney

In 1939 we already had a best seller of ours, a great book, the *History of the CPSU.* We distributed close to 200,000 copies of that book. No American Hitler will ever be able to cut out of American society the seeds that were sown with the distribution and the study and the reading of that book in every nook and corner of America. That lesson has been absorbed deep into the consciousness and the subconsciousness and the blood and bones of America. And now there has been distributed the first quarter million of the Dean of Canterbury's great book, *The Soviet Power,* which is not a Communist book, by the way, indicating that people don't have to be Communists to come to us any more; all they have to be is honest and decent and they have no other place to go. And when as against this great instrument, the bourgeoisie is able to put up only such puny weapons, it is really a pitiful spectacle. They have completely departed from everything that was once great in their tradition. They are corpses, socially and politically speaking, waiting for an aroused and organized working class to bury them and remove the stench that now poisons the atmosphere of our country.

NEW MASSES represents this great creative movement of the people in its broadest aspects. Therefore we know that the thirtieth anniversary of NEW MASSES is not going to be the last. NEW MASSES will go ahead; it will move forward in the forefront of this great gathering movement of the people, and the banner of NEW MASSES will be standing at the celebration of the final victory of the people over all exploiters and oppressors. And that will perhaps be within the next thirty years of NEW MASSES. History is traveling fast now. Thirty years ago we did not have the radio and the airplane; today we have them, and many other factors speeding up the process of history, and the minds of men are speeding up.

Millions of Americans are already absorbing the lessons of the new society, understanding that the old has nothing but death and destruction for them; they are beginning to see the flower of the new and its tremendous promise for our land, and we will realize that promise because this generation and the masses of America are going to bring our America to the flowering of socialism.

EARL BROWDER.

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A Verdict of Fear

AN EDITORIAL

Not one dissenting voice was raised in the Supreme Court against the decision to shut Earl Browder within prison walls for four years. Not one. It was the unanimity of the wolf pack. Every black-gowned justice nodded his "Aye" to the shameful verdict—a judgment that shall stand in our history as evil as the Dred Scott decision, as wrong as the imprisonment of Eugene Debs who also opposed imperialist war. As Debs wrote to the *Liberator* upon his conviction: "A capitalist court can render only capitalist decisions."

A technicality tortured out of the law-books was the pretext for the Browder indictment: a flimsy technicality that shames the intelligence of every honest American. A similar technicality was used against another Communist leader, William Wiener.

We agree with the statement of the Committee for Civil Rights for Communists: "Earl Browder is considered by the Roosevelt administration as its most consistent and effective opponent in clarifying and bringing to conscious expression the great mass opposition of the American people to the involvement of our country in this war. Therefore he is being sent to prison and the petty details of fact and law are set aside—such as the fact that the passport used by Mr. Browder was perfectly authentic and properly and honestly used, and that the statute of limitations in all reason and legality outlawed the irregularities of many years ago in Browder's use of other names than his own for travel in Europe to avoid danger to his life and liberty. . . ." This is clear to all who will see the truth.

The wolf pack howled its approval of the verdict. The New York *Herald Tribune* lyrically called it "poetic justice." The New York *Times* said with characteristic mealy-mouthed hypocrisy: ". . . Mr. Browder's case had a full, open hearing and a fair trial." So the wolf pack clamored when John Brown went to the gallows, when William Lloyd Garrison was stoned.

Let us get at the roots of the matter. Earl Browder is a dangerous man. He is an American with the bright vision of the great fathers of this nation. And they were all dangerous men. He is a menace to the horrors of war (and the administration is hell-bent upon dragging the nation into the holocaust). He is subversive to hunger (and the administration is engaged in a general assault upon all labor unions seeking to improve the immediate lot of the working man). He is a threat to the claw-and-fang way of the profit system (and the administration fears the growing awareness of the American people to the advantages of a classless society). So the wolf pack closed in.

It is not the first time. Mr. Browder's opposition to the World War brought him a severe sentence in Leavenworth. And it is clearly a sign of the times that the men at the controls of this capitalist state find it necessary to put him away again. And why at this particular time? The answer to that is a warning to every freedom-loving American who yearns to see his children grow up in peace, safe from the explosion of the bomb and the shell. The administration seeks a war powers law that shall transform this government into a dictatorship. But it cannot even wait until that bill is passed: it must quiet the voices that truthfully describe what is happening in Washington and that propose to do something about it.

There are millions more like us who see the reality and realize its significance. This sentence came as a blow to every progressive American. When the final verdict came many a man and woman in the miner's patch, in the sharecropper's cabin, in the university, and in the foundry, felt the pang, brushed aside the tear. But their dismay will be brief, and their sorrow will be transformed into a desire to rectify the brutality of this action. For no sooner was the news cast across the nation, than telegrams came from all parts of the country, honoring the man for his ideas and courage, and pledging to fight in his spirit for those ideas and for his liberation.

From Alabama came the message: "Hundreds of thousands of southern workers, farmers and sharecroppers, Negro and white, know you are being persecuted for defending our interests. . . ." From California: "The Supreme Court decision is an act of ruling-class vengeance against the clearest and most potent voice in America opposing the imperialist war. . . . But the great majority of the American people will know that the real guilt lies on those who, by convicting you, are conspiring against the rights and liberties of all the people. . . ." In this same vein came thousands of telegrams and letters.

The editors of this magazine know this: that the imprisonment of Earl Browder, and William Wiener, is a signal all the way down the line against the trade union leader, against every progressive, against every honest writer and artist.

Their imprisonment is a challenge to every progressive in America. We accept that challenge. We shall work unceasingly to defend the democratic idea of our country. We stand four-square with Eugene Debs when he wrote our predecessors on the *Liberator:* "Sixty years ago the Supreme Court affirmed the validity of the fugitive slave law in obedience to the slave power. This decision was rendered to buttress chattel slavery against the assaults of the Abolitionists. Five years later that infamous institution was uprooted and overthrown. . . . As for myself my position is immovable. . . . Now is the time for us all to be true to the best there is in us; to resolve to do and dare for the cause. . . ."

And what is that cause? It is freedom for all Americans, for all in the world who believe that society can be so reconstituted that the horrors of war and the enslavement of men can be forever abolished from the earth.

And no prison walls in all the world can confine that cause.

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The CIO's Next Steps

What the March wage negotiations in coal will mean for the labor movement. The coming showdown in the mass production industries. A report by Adam Lapin.

Washington.

ON MARCH 11 about 200 union miners and a similar number of coal operators will get together in a New York hotel. They will meet in the usual fog of cigar smoke and there will be the usual backslapping, handshaking, and good-humored banter. But the outcome of this meeting, which goes under the prosaic heading of the Appalachian joint wage conference, may have a decisive effect on the future course of the labor movement and perhaps even on the entire political picture in the United States.

Two years ago the United Mine Workers established the union shop in the nation's coal mines. This time the UMW negotiators, led by John L. Lewis, are going to ask for substantial wage increases, for a shortening of the present thirty-five-hour work week and for vacations with pay. The UMW policy committee at its Atlantic City meeting in November outlined these general demands, the details to be worked out later in view of "unsettled conditions both here and abroad." It is no secret, however, in Washington, or for that matter in the thousands of drab, straggling mining towns, that Lewis, backed by the union rank and file, is determined to stand pat for increased wages and improved working conditions.

The coal miners are taking exactly the same position on this issue as the workers in steel, in electric, and in auto, where negotiations with employers will probably come to a head either at the same time or shortly after the coal talks. That, of course, is what makes the coal negotiations so critically important. They represent the most important front in the showdown between employers and CIO unions in the mass production "defense" industries—a showdown almost certain to take place this spring.

EVERYWHERE, and particularly in the booming arms centers of the country, the cost of living is skyrocketing. The profits of employers, of course, are reaching astronomical figures. According to the economic bulletin of the National City Bank, 390 selected companies in 1940 showed net profits, minus deficits and minus all possible deductions for taxes, of $856,000,000. This was an increase of thirty-two percent over 1939, and marked a return of 10.2 percent on the total investment of the shareholders. General Motors staggered through the year with a mere profit of $195,000,000; US Steel showed a net profit, minus taxes, of $102,181,000. Even the coal industry, the traditional sick man of American finance capital, is doing nicely. In a New Year's statement, the National Coal Association said: "The bituminous coal industry enters 1941 with prospects of further increases in mine output in pace with the steadily expanding activity in war industries as well as with increased demands for fuel coal in almost every channel." Compared to profits, the percentage of the national income going for wages has declined from 77.2 percent to an estimated sixty-one percent in 1940.

If there are no wage increases, workers will be actually taking a substantial cut in their real wages. Unless the unions entrench themselves in the mass production industries and make new inroads now, they will probably miss the boat. The anti-labor drive in Congress, nourished by administration war propaganda, will soon reach serious proportions if it is not checked by a strong labor offensive.

How critical the situation is has been sensed by many CIO unions, and by thousands of rank and file workers who are surging into the unions at a faster rate than at any time since the great mass production drives of 1936-37. Important successes have been scored in organizing the aircraft industry on the West Coast. The aircraft strikes at Vultee and Ryan broke through the ironclad fifty-cent per hour minimum on the Coast to win 12½-cent wage increases. The Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, long a powerful factor in the Rocky Mountain states, is entrenching itself in the East and particularly in the industrial Connecticut Valley. The National Maritime Union recently strengthened itself by winning $7.50 per month wage increases with additional war risk compensation for 30,000 members in the East.

Preliminary negotiations with United States Steel, with wage increases as the major demand, have already begun. At the same time the Steel Workers Organizing Committee is cracking Bethlehem Steel with a succcessful organizing drive. The SWOC is also regaining its positions in Republic Steel and Youngstown Sheet & Tube where it was beaten in the Little Steel strike of 1937. The SWOC seems to be in greatly improved shape generally, with regular dues payments per month approaching the 400,000 mark. In many steel mills, the workers have shown both their militancy and their discipline by staging brief, well organized stoppages to correct immediate grievances as well as to register the demand for a new contract. Stoppages of this kind have taken place at Bethlehem mills and at the giant new continuous strip mills of US Steel at Irwin, Pa. The United Electrical and Radio Workers are opening negotiations with General Electric and Westinghouse by asking ten-cent an hour wage increases. At Allis Chalmers in Milwaukee and at International Harvester in Chicago, workers have gone on strike for a seventy-five-cent hourly minimum.

Early in April, representatives of the United Automobile Workers will sit down with spokesmen for General Motors and discuss a new contract. UAW director for General Motors is Walter Reuther, young protege of Sidney Hillman and Norman Thomas. Reuther has apparently been too busy figuring out how to manufacture 500 airplanes a day to worry about such mundane things as wages and working conditions. The inevitable result has been a deterioration of conditions at GM. Wages at GM are about five cents an hour less than at Chrysler and the grievance machinery has creaked with bureaucracy. There is only one committeeman for each 250 workers. The men are required to bring their grievances not to their union committeemen but to the foremen. A recent conference of 162 delegates from seventy GM plants with 160,000 workers agreed to ask the company for a ten-cent an hour wage increase, a ninety-cent an hour minimum wage starting after thirty days, and an improved grievance setup. The UAW leadership, however, refused to recognize a motion which would have permitted three representatives of the locals to attend the GM negotiations. In Ford the UAW drive seems to be making real headway despite Bill Green's coy offer to set up a company union.

Mr. Green may not like it, but the nationwide drive of the unions for higher wages has definitely reached the AFL. The February issue of *Labor's Monthly Survey,* published by the AFL, listed more than 100 cases of AFL locals which have recently won increases. The entire wage movement is obviously out of line with the "sacrifice" philosophy publicly advocated both by Bill Green and Sidney Hillman. "We are ready and willing to make sacrifices in order to speed up the defense program and make it magnificently successful," Green said in a recent radio broadcast. He virtually pleaded with the government to crack down on his members. "There is nothing in reason that the government in the future calls upon us to do that we will fail to do." Hillman joined in a public statement with his colleagues on the OPM assuring labor that while it might have to suffer "corresponding sacrifice" with that asked of business, he called on the labor movement not to make "improper use of its position in the present world-wide emergency"—in other words, not to press for wage increases.

The two leading spokesmen for the pro-war, Social-Democratic point of view in the labor movement, Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky, have definitely applied the "sacrifice" doctrine in their own unions. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union has not only adopted the Hochman "efficiency" plan, but has blazed a new trail back to the sweat shop by being the first union in the

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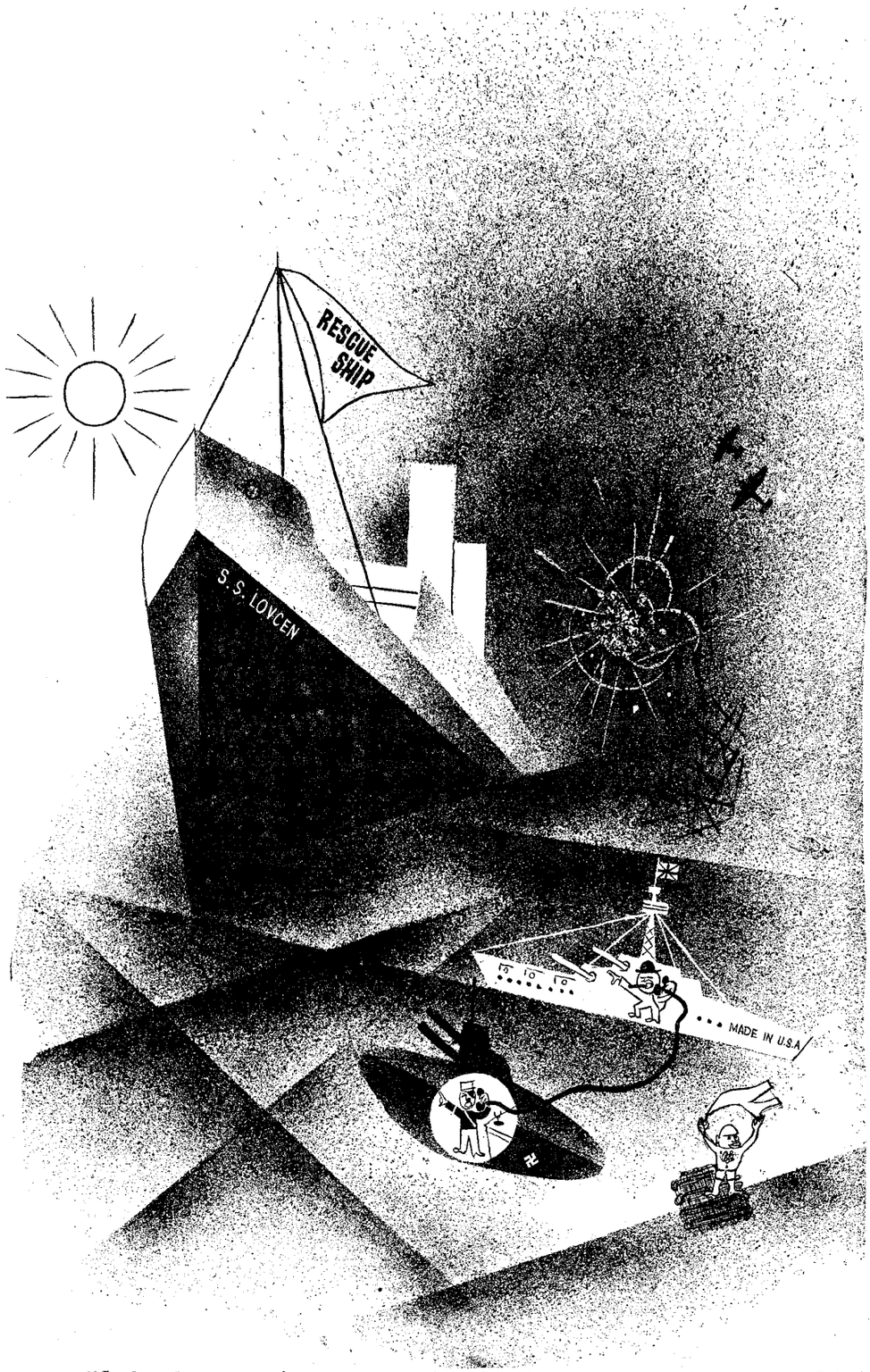
nation to accept voluntarily a five-hour increase in the working week. Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers has long had the lowest wage scale in the needle industry. The associate director of OPM successfully resisted the example of the younger CIO unions which used the organizational gains of the last few years to ask for better working conditions. The bitter rivalry in the clothing industry between Dubinsky and Hillman is now getting to the point where each is trying to under-cut the other in offering to accept lower wages and poorer conditions from the employers.

THE OFFICIAL CIO attitude on this issue has reflected the demands of the union rank and file, and has contrasted sharply with the "sacrifice" philosophy. The January executive board meeting of the CIO pointed to the mounting profits of big business, and unanimously approved a resolution calling for "improvement of wages and working conditions." This stand was re-affirmed at the mid-February meeting of the CIO's 8 executive officers.

In addition, the CIO has not only fought against all anti-strike legislation but has also frowned upon a more subtle no-strike scheme of the administration's. To the leaders of both the AFL and the CIO Hillman, on behalf of the President, submitted a plan for a War Labor Board which would have the power to step into any strike situation and then issue a public report. This board, to consist of the three members of the "public" chosen by the President, would thus have the power to blackjack any strike in an arms plant with a public condemnation which could be followed up with more positive action by the administration. The AFL chiefs secretly approved this scheme in Miami. Bill Green even sent up a trial balloon with a statement endorsing the ideal of a War Labor Board in general. The CIO officers turned thumbs down on this scheme, but not before Frank Rosenbloom of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers gave unqualified approval to the Hillman proposal. Sherman Dalrymple of the United Rubber Workers and R. J. Thomas of United Automobile Workers backed the plan with only minor reservations.

Philip Murray, at the meeting of the CIO executive officers, came out against the Hillman plan and in favor of the movement for wage increases. There have, however, been alarming signs of weakness in Murray's leadership. He permitted his name to be signed to a vigilante statement issued on Lincoln's birthday by the United States Flag Association which called for "relentless war on Communists, Nazis, and fascists, until they have all been driven from our shores." Murray and Bill Green joined in signing this statement along with a group of pro-war and pro-appeasement leaders including William Bullitt, Joseph Kennedy, Senator Glass, Verne Marshall, Secretary of the Navy Knox, and Eddie Cantor. At the recent meeting of the CIO officers, Murray leaned toward Adolph Germer, pro-Hillman national CIO representative, in the attempt to keep control of the International Wood Workers of America. He also sided with Germer against the efforts of Harry Bridges to force Samuel Wolchak of the United Retail and Wholesale Workers to abide by a previous agreement to permit the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union to organize waterfront and industrial warehouses in the East. There has been a tendency to soft pedal publicity when CIO demands have clashed with the interests of the White House. The Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, while upholding the right of the CIO to ask workers to join the CIO in Ford plants, maintained some time ago that Ford was within his rights in distributing anti-union literature. CIO leaders felt that the Department of Justice should appeal this part of the decision and that failure to do so would result in giving employers new union-busting powers. The Department of Justice has so far refused to act. But no national leader of the CIO has as yet called attention to this dereliction.



"I deeply appreciate your action in this matter, Winston" Rodney

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Murray has tried to walk a tight rope between the Hillman forces and the progressive forces in the CIO. This was seen in his carefully written statement on the lend-lease bill in which he pointed to the dangers in the bill, advocated full aid to Britain, and wound up without indicating whether he thought the bill should be passed or defeated. More accurately, Murray has tried to move in two opposite directions at the same time. On the one hand, he has called for increased organization activity and has rejected the idea that labor must sacrifice its working conditions. On the other hand, he has accepted the general principles of the Roosevelt defense program, quarreling only with certain aspects of the program.

Murray has approved the Reuther plan in auto and has worked out his own plan in steel, both of which lead to the same dead end of increased arms production at the expense of labor. The question of Murray's sincerity or integrity is not at issue. There has been no evidence that he has not honestly supported both the administration's arms program and foreign policy and labor's demand for higher wages. It is getting increasingly difficult, however, to take both these positions at the same time. This spring, when the wage drive of labor will reach its high point, that position will be even more impossible to maintain.

It would be foolhardy to try to predict what will happen at the coal negotiations or at the other negotiations in the mass production industries. That labor will insist on increased wages is certain. That the employers will be tough is equally certain. How tough remains to be seen. That depends on a number of different factors. Some coal operators more or less friendly to the union have taken the position that a show-down struggle in mining can be avoided if the UMW would use its influence with the administration to push for a renewal of the Guffey Coal Act. They say that the operators would then be willing to grant higher wages. One of the obvious weaknesses in this particular hopeful solution is that UMW influence may not count too much with the President these days. Besides, there is little reason to think that the President will use his good offices to get an improved contract for the miners. On the contrary, there are reasons for believing that the administration may consider the coal negotiations a golden opportunity to smash John L. Lewis, with some necessary union-busting on the side as a means to this end.

If the administration succeeds in egging the operators onto the point where a strike is inevitable, every labor-baiter in Congress will scream for federal troops. A united front of reaction embracing every newspaper publisher and employer will no doubt be formed. Any weaknesses in CIO leadership under such circumstances will then be doubly serious. Unfortunately, some of the district presidents of the UMW have shown a fondness for the Sidney Hillman point of view; John Owens, president of the Ohio district, is now one of Hillman's chief aides.

There is no use minimizing the forces that will be arrayed against labor this spring. On the other hand, a strongly knit coalition of the workers in the basic industries for better conditions will be hard to beat. If the unions led by John L. Lewis and the UMW can win higher wages in the face of war hysteria and administration opposition they will not only have scored an important immediate victory but they also will have succeeded in asserting the independence of the labor movement and its freedom from governmental control. In a very real sense, the existence of a strong militant labor movement under progressive leadership will be at stake in that New York hotel on March 11 when coal miners and coal operators sit down to negotiate a new contract.

ADAM LAPIN.

News Item: William Green meets Henry Ford's Mr. Bennett

Jamison

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The Jingoes Capture the Senate

Willkie's testimony exposes the election trickery of both parties. Anti-Soviet aims. The people begin to speak. Their meeting April 5-6 will challenge the warmakers. An editorial.

THE debate over the lease-lend bill has now shifted to the Senate. The measure has already passed the House by a vote of 260 to 165. Despite the great opposition evident throughout the country, administration strategists are so arrogant that they regard the Senate vote as a mere formality. But whatever the bill's fate, the past few weeks have brought into sharp focus certain harsh realities that help clarify the problems of the immediate future.

The hearings on HR 1776 have proved what NEW MASSES asserted from the beginning: that it is both a *war* bill and a *dictatorship* measure. Except for the fact that Englishmen will—for the present—do all the fighting and bloodletting, the full economic and military resources of the United States will be in the war against Germany and Italy if the bill is passed. Moreover, one man, the President of the United States, will be given new and unprecedented power to utilize these resources at his discretion for the purpose of waging undeclared war wherever and whenever he pleases. And under the guise of generously giving away all kinds of arms and raw materials, this bill will enable American imperialism to acquire decisive control over Britain's course in the war and larger influence over her economic and political life. In a very great degree the English become the Hessians of American imperialism, just as the Italians fighting in Greece and Africa are the Hessians of German imperialism.

THE AMENDMENTS TO HR 1776.—The bill, as passed by the House and as reported to the Senate, carries a number of amendments. All of them are concerned with technicalities and do not alter or modify the basic character of the measure. The chief amendments are:

1. A provision limiting to $1,300,000,000 the value of material that can be disposed of from existing military or naval equipment or from that which will be purchased with funds already appropriated. But this does not limit any *new* appropriations that the President may request.

2. A provision under which the powers conferred on the President automatically expire June 30, 1943, unless terminated sooner through a concurrent resolution by both houses of Congress. This limitation is more apparent than real. Two years is of course a long time—long enough to send a sizable AEF to fight in foreign lands. And will the Congress which surrenders its powers to the President in 1941 refuse to surrender them again in 1943 for the asking? As for a concurrent resolution which would not require the President's signature, apart from the fact that it is of doubtful constitutionality, one would have to be incredibly naive to believe that the same Congress which votes this bill is going to reverse itself despite the opposition of the President.

3. A statement that "Nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize or to permit the authorization of convoying vessels by naval vessels of the United States." This is unadulterated fake. For all its practical effect it might just as well have read: "Nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize the President to take a shave." Moreover, it is claimed—whether rightly or wrongly we are not in a position to say—that as commander-in-chief of the navy the President already has the power to convoy vessels. Once start the flow of munitions to Britain under this act, and unless the people rise in overwhelming protest, the President will eventually use convoys even though Secretary of the Navy Knox himself admitted that this would be an act of war.

Note that the tricky language of this provision merely states that the act does not authorize convoys, but it does not expressly *forbid* them. In fact, both the House and Senate foreign affairs committees rejected an outright ban, just as the Senate committee turned down a ban on an AEF. These rejections are far more eloquent than any of the amendments accepted.

WILLKIE'S TESTIMONY.—There is a special significance in the fact that the chief rebuttal witness for the Roosevelt administration was FDR's erstwhile opponent in the election, Wendell Willkie. It merely proves how completely the voters of this country were duped when they were offered two names for one policy. What a travesty these two gentlemen and their parties made of our democracy and "free elections." And if anything were needed to underscore this fraud, Willkie supplied it in his testimony. This man who repeatedly appealed for votes on the ground that President Roosevelt would lead the country into war blandly told the Senate committee that all this was merely "campaign oratory." And it is this testimony which leads Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard writer, to conclude that Willkie is "utterly sincere and open"! What a commentary on the moral level of a social order which measures sincerity in this coin. The deception of millions becomes an act of virtue and patriotism! It is enough to turn a castiron stomach.

There were many other things in Willkie's testimony that exposed not only his own character, but the plans and objectives of all those, Democrats and Republicans, who stand behind HR 1776. Out of the interplay of question and answer there emerged two facts of vast significance:

1. Among the war aims of Britain and the United States is the "liberation" (that is, subjection to their own control) not only of Czechoslovakia, Belgium, France, Holland, Norway, and Denmark, but Finland and Soviet Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. This came out in the course of questioning by Senator Reynolds. It is evident that those who only a year ago were talking about switching the war have not abandoned their plan to settle scores with socialism as soon as they have brought into line their capitalist rivals in Germany and Italy. Appeasers like Lindbergh and Joseph P. Kennedy have no monopoly on anti-Soviet dreams.

2. The lease-lend bill and the whole aid-to-Britain program will enable the United States to dictate the post-war world. As Willkie put it: "If America gives effective aid to Britain, America will dominate what happens afterward." And a little later he told Senator Reynolds: "And I think if we give her [Britain] that effective aid, then, gentlemen such as you, Senator, will determine whether or not these enslaved democracies survive." And who, pray, is this Senator Reynolds who, if Willkie and Roosevelt have their way, is going to determine whether or not other countries will survive? He is the notorious "tar-heel fuehrer" of North Carolina, organizer of a fascist anti-Semitic outfit called the Vindicators, who prior to the war was the most persistent eulogist of Hitler and Mussolini in the Senate.

THE OPPOSITION.—The hearings on HR 1776 and the debate in Congress have highlighted the bankruptcy of the official opposition composed largely of Republicans. These gentlemen have waged their fight by adopting the position of their opponents that America should help one side in the imperialist war, Britain. They thereby accepted the principle of HR 1776 and reduced the issue to one of method and degree. Is it any wonder that they have been caught on the horns of their self-created dilemma and have proved so ineffectual? This official opposition's bankruptcy is perhaps best epitomized by Thomas E. Dewey, who on the day the lease-lend bill was introduced denounced it as "an attempt to abolish free government in the United States," and on Lincoln's birthday made a speech endorsing it. What the conflict between the administration and this spurious opposition actually expressed were differences among various sections of big business, all of whom seek profits, not peace, domination rather than democracy.

But the real opposition, that of the people, despite all obstacles, also made itself heard. Joseph Curran, president of the National

(Continued on page 18)

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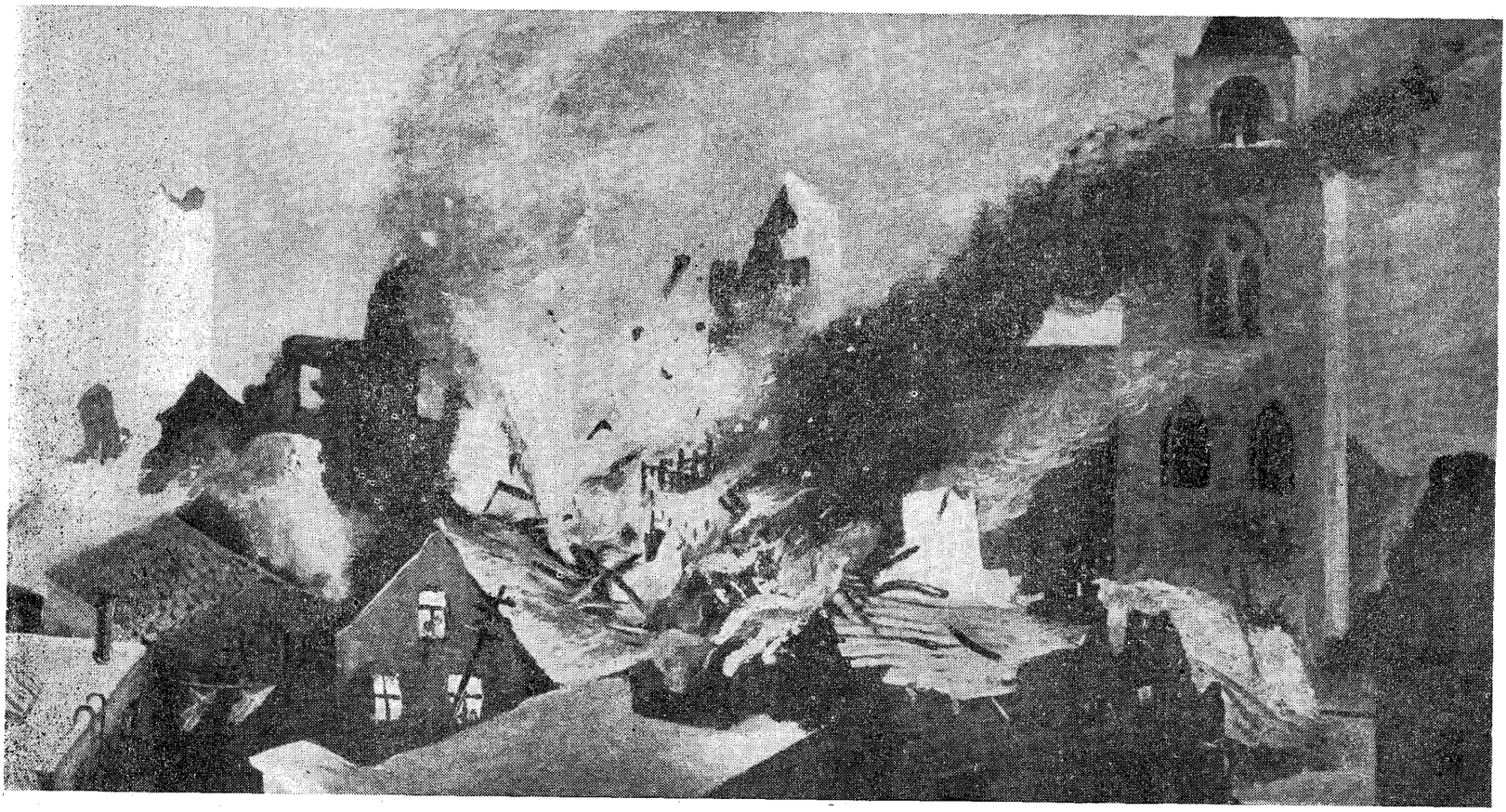
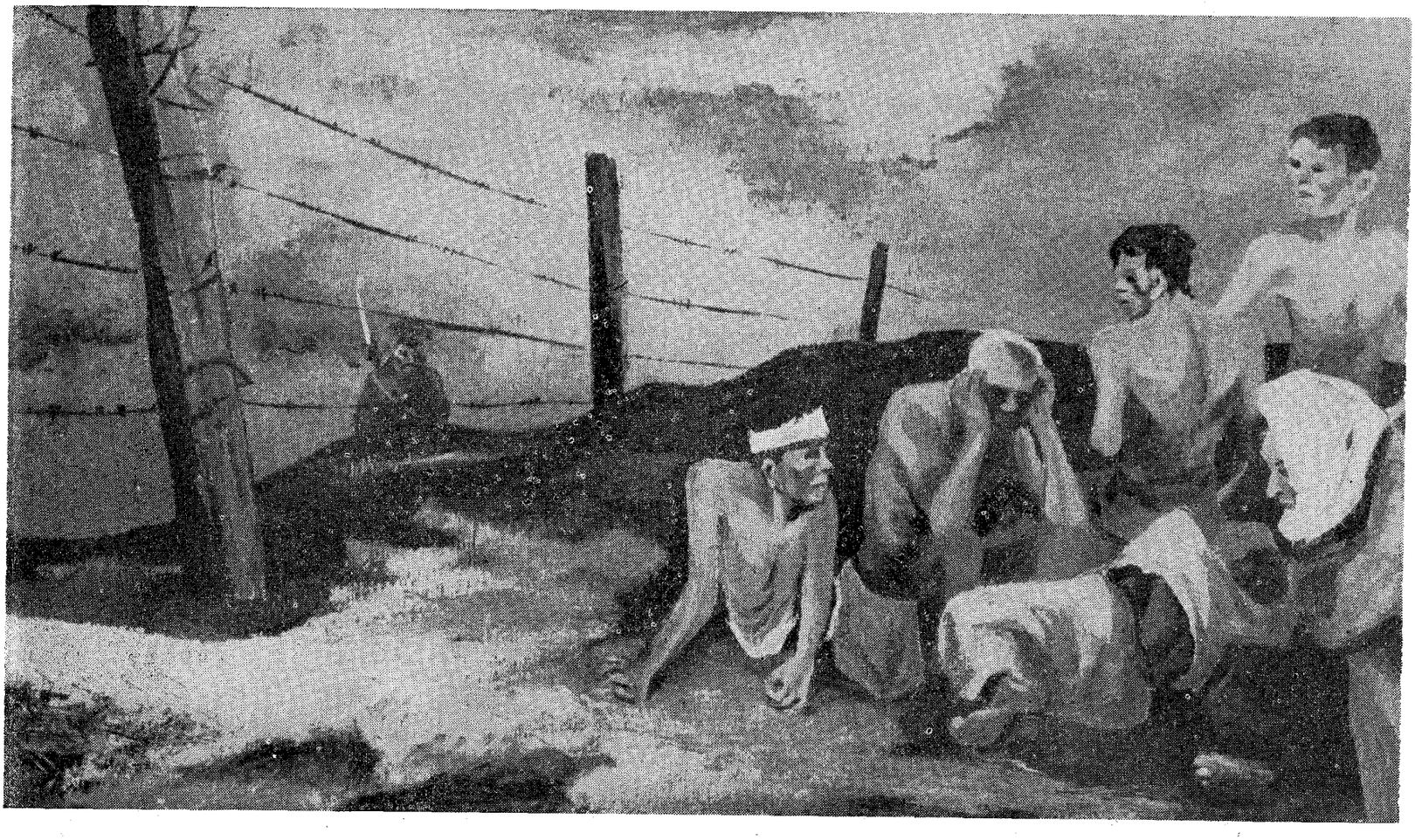


BOMBARDMENT

Two paintings from William Gropper's current exhibition at the ACA Gallery in New York



DEFENDERS OF SPANISH DEMOCRACY

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The Young Go First—for Peace

Thousands of them showed up from all America at the Town Meeting called by the Youth Congress. The gains made by the youth this past year. How they collaborate with labor.

IT WAS a mighty lively corpse that paraded through the streets of Washington on Town Meeting night, February 7. A year ago the Youth Congress had been pronounced dead. The small fry won't survive that, said the press, as the President twisted the knife into the thousands standing there in the rain. It only remained for some undertaker to bury the body beside the New Deal.

But 6,000 strong they came back this year, surprising even their leaders who had counted on only 3,000.

They had come a year ago, with the same problems to find an answer to, kids like these from Connecticut and California and Alabama and Minnesota. "Education, vocational training, employment at a living wage for all, preservation of the civil liberties proclaimed in the Bill of Rights, peace—these are our simple aims."

But this year there was a difference down in Washington, a great difference. Last year they met in the vast Labor Department auditorium; this year in Turner's Arena, with the microphone in a prize-ring. Last year Mrs. Roosevelt, the army, WPA had helped house them on a low-cost and non-Jim Crow basis. This year delegates slept in cars, packed into tiny rooms, relied upon the capital's ordinary folk to bed them down. Last year the government helped them evade Jim Crow by feeding them in the Labor Department cafeteria; this year thousands banged into Jim Crow in cafeterias and restaurants everywhere.

Last year the President allowed them to stand on the White House lawn. Last year Mrs. Roosevelt attended the sessions. Last year Aubrey Williams spoke to them. This year the only representatives of the administration were FBI men.

"Evidently there has been a change in somebody's program," said AYC Chairman Jack McMichael. "Who has done the changing: the rank-and-file young people of America or the national administration?"

TO PEOPLE in close touch with the youth movement during the past year the course of the change and the forces making the change had been pretty clear for some time. There had been the President's "twaddle" speech at the Youth Institute last February; there had been Mrs. Roosevelt's refusal to speak at the annual Youth Congress in Wisconsin this past summer. When it voted to oppose conscription and labeled aid to Britain a step toward war, she "came to the conclusion that it was useless to go on arguing indefinitely with them." So, from the policy of "kindness" and "understanding," the Roosevelt administration turned to bribery of the Youth Congress in the form of big money offers, and when that failed to turn it from its anti-war course, intimidation and open attack were tried.

Not one of these techniques has succeeded. No part of the Youth Congress supported Roosevelt in the last election except the handful of Joe Lash's followers. And Christmas week, in New Brunswick, N. J., when this bought-and-paid-for "elder statesman" of the student movement tried to paste together with dollar bills a rival youth movement, he could find no takers.

So it was with the battle lines drawn that this Town Meeting of Youth opened. For the first time in years no administration big shots would be there. For the first time the Youth Congress would have to stand on its own legs and say its own piece. And it met the test, squarely and magnificently. Where last year great social forces had clashed through the personalities of Roosevelt and John L. Lewis, this year, in an arena provided by the Youth Congress, the young people themselves, 6,000 strong, were in there battling with the warmakers of the White House and Congress.

"When you get home," said Joe Cadden, the AYC's executive secretary, in the final speech of the Town Meeting, "you will find that the American Youth Congress has become known as the organization fighting for the defeat of the lend-lease bill."

And it was that rallying cry of alarm against the bill that would plow under every fourth American boy that began the Town Meeting, too, and rang through every hour it lasted. Friday night's meeting was transformed into an open hearing for progressive leaders who had had the doors of the House and Senate committees slammed in their faces. Jack McMichael, Frederick Field of APM, John P. Davis of the National Negro Congress, Mike Quill of the Transport Workers, Rev. Owen Knox of the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, one after the other came swinging out in the center of the ring against the yes-men and the loyal opposition who were making a joke of democratic debate on the hill.

No speech was made on any topic those next days that did not attack passionately the war powers bill. In session after session the sharecropper from Missouri, the student from Wisconsin, the boy from Buick's assembly line, the millhand from North Carolina, the interne from New York, the waitress from Chicago, said what Congress would not allow them and their millions of folks back home to say, what the Senate Committee and the capital police stopped Jack McMichael from saying by arresting him. And in the way they said it you could see a big advance in their understanding of the character of this war. For a year and a half now their organizations have been fighting against the war on every front, in their shops against the speedup, the accidents, the low wages; in their homes against the high price of meat and butter, in their schools against the Rapp-Coudert grillings and the censorship. And the lessons they have learned, plain in the hundred-odd swift speeches at Turner's Arena, many of which called the war "imperialist," were summed up in the report on "Keeping America Out of the War," delivered by Frances Williams, AYC leader, who quoted from Virgil Jordan's famous talk to the investment bankers to show just what kind of war this is.

IF ANYTHING MORE was needed to make the imperialist label stick fast, they got it in the speeches of the delegates from abroad. Lord Halifax's bloody deeds in India, the arrest of American youth's friend, Rajni Patel, the administration's feedline to Japan and trickery with the appeasers in China, the horrible living conditions of the colonial people in Puerto Rico and Haiti, were pounded home by delegates from these countries. Our unity with their young people was symbolized in the unforgettable moment when Jack McMichael stood with Liu Liang-Mo and sang a Chinese song he had learned in the front lines of China's fight a few years ago.

As strong as their feeling against the lend-lease bill was the Town Meeting's hatred for Jim Crow. Days before the opening meeting reports went out of the rigid color line being drawn in Washington. On every side housing and eating facilities were being denied to the Youth Congress. "Mrs. Roosevelt," said the *Herald Tribune* reporting her press conference, "admitted that it was difficult for an organization with both Negro and white delegates to find a place to meet and eat in the nation's capital, but she indicated she was not concerned with the problem."

Too busy "defending democracy" to help the Youth Congress get some. But it didn't discourage these youngsters. A delegation of eighteen from seven states walked into the office of the Chief of Staff of the US Army and told General Marshall they and the people they spoke for didn't like Jim Crow in the army, either. "I am completely satisfied," said the general, when they pointed to discrimination and segregation in the army.

On Sunday the Committee on Negro Discrimination, set up by the delegates as the meeting started, organized two picketing squads on the floor and a few minutes later hundreds of boys and girls captained by trade union organizers descended upon the Palace Lunch nearby the arena and the swanky Willard Hotel in midtown. Long lines marched round and round the Willard chanting, "Old Jim Crow has Gotta Go!" while the fatboys at the windows inside glared down upon them.

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"Washington will know how young America feels about Jim Crow before we leave," said Marie Reed, the committee's chairman. And the next day a few-score delegates stayed over to picket the War Department building, forcing Secretary Stimson outside to read them a smug lecture congratulating himself on maintaining segregated Negro units in the army.

The bold fight these young people put up for Negro rights without Mrs. Roosevelt's helping hand was another sign of how deep the cleavage is now between the youth and the President's wife. It served, too, to expose her hypocrisy, for in that same press interview before the Town Meeting began, she had declared her disagreement with the AYC on foreign policy but had claimed agreement with them on issues of domestic importance. Challenging her demagogy, Frances Williams told the Town Meeting: "It is no mere coincidence that today Mrs. Roosevelt, who supports all-aid-to-Britain, urges support this year of the universal forced labor camps for youth, while just a year ago she urged the AYC to support the American Youth Act."

JOE LASH, the administration's little generalissimo for the campaign to put over forced labor camps, was there at the Town Meeting in full force—he and a half-dozen others of his general staff bought up wholesale. In the last year his exclusive sponsors have put up thousands and thousands of dollars to finance Lash. The latest of his student outfits to invade the campus with White House blessings is the Student Defenders of Democracy. Examination of its listed sponsors indicates it is the holding company for the variety of fronts the all-aid-to-Britain boys have planted around the country. Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr., head of the Committee for Thirty Million, okayed by Gene Tunney and Murray Plavner of the Republicans, also sits with SDD's board. Another of its leaders is John Darnell, discredited lame-duck president of the National Student Federation, who tried unsuccessfully this Christmas to sell his organization to Lash's International Student Service.

Lash's reception at the Town Meeting showed what little response he has been getting from the masses of American youth. He tried the old line of disruption on points of order but so isolated was his effort that his own friend in the AYC cabinet, Harriet Pickens, was forced to tell him to sit down and shut up. His next effort was a speech at the civil liberties session, where he yelled through overwhelming boos that "England is fighting freedom's battle for the whole world." His last stand came the next day, during the discussion on the war. Warming up to a Red-baiting attack on the Youth Congress, almost the only one made with the exception of the one by a young Trotskyite, he argued that since the AYC opposed aid to Britain, which meant the government of that country, and the only force in England also to oppose that government was the British Communist Party, it followed that the Youth Congress was Communist.

That line was listened to in cold silence. Up to the mike stepped Ed Strong, leader of the Southern Negro Youth Congress, who presented the AYC's position and answered Lash at the same time. It *is* the people of England who are fighting this war, he said, but it is *also* the people of Germany and Italy. Lash forgot to mention this, and to add that it is the imperialist governments of all these countries that are running the war. American youth, Strong went on, do not want to help fight an imperialist war. Together with the People's Convention of England, they want to end this war with a people's peace. The standing ovation Strong's speech drew, balanced against the silence that met Lash's Red-baiting, marked the passing of the administration's influence among progressive youth.

Nor did the "fruit-basket" program of the long-count champ, Gene Tunney, get any further with the Town Meeting. Like a schoolboy making up to his teacher with a big red apple Murray Plavner delivered a basket of fruit at the White House door. And when the papers appeared with the ridiculous picture of Gene Tunney's kids, fruit in arms, the arena rocked with laughter.

"I wonder what kind of strange fruit it is?" said Joe Cadden. "Sour grapes, perhaps?"

These were the friends of Roosevelt at the Town Meeting—the tired Socialist, Joe Lash, and the whiskey mogul, Gene Tunney. Youth had other friends there, stronger, wiser, bolder—the millions of organized workers. Labor was there, straight from the field of battle—Tom Foley, chairman of Harvester's strike committee, speaking for the 6,500 Chicago workers who stood solid with the Youth Congress, and Ed Taylor, head organizer of the Ford drive, both of them greeted by tremendous applause and spontaneous chanting of "Organize Harvester!" "Organize Ford!" It was the result of a year's good work in the field by both AYC and union men who have been building close ties between organized youth and organized labor in shops and towns.

THE NEED for that labor and youth unity was put plainly by Roy Lancaster, speaking as Youth Director of Labor's Non-Partisan League. "Youth knows that the progressive labor movement is today its staunchest ally in the fight for youth rights, for jobs, for peace, and civil liberties. And labor knows that unless youth has decent jobs, higher wages, is organized into unions, that the low standards under which youth is working will be used to undermine and undercut any standards of work and wages won by labor through long struggle."

Lancaster's speech made much of the greatest single problem that faces both youth and labor today—the job training program and the administration's intention to use it as a wage-cutting, strike-breaking, union-smashing threat to organized labor. Both youth and labor are all for a real job training program; it was the AYC which first pointed to the need for it when it introduced the American Youth Act five years ago. But under "national defense" both industry and government are working hand in hand to flood the labor market with a huge supply of cheap skilled and semi-skilled workers.

However, with 4,500,000 youth still unemployed, this means job training without jobs and the creation of a potential reserve of scab labor. It is just such urgent new problems which have led labor to take a much deeper interest in the youth movement. Signs of growing cooperation in day-to-day organization are plentiful.

Last month the New York CIO Industrial Council sponsored the first trade union youth conference. It has also set up a permanent Youth Committee within the CIO. Some unions have established programs designed to draw in young workers and activize them quickly. Local 65 of the Warehouse Union and the Fur Floor Boys Union, both of New York, have developed extensive programs of educational, social, and recreational activities that have every boy and girl in the union completely absorbed in them. In Connecticut, as in New York, model labor sports movements are well under way. Out in Pittsburgh the CIO has undertaken special youth clubs and Flint sent a young Buick worker, Charles Shinn, head of its CIO Youth Club, to the Town Meeting to make the chief report on the trade unions and conscription.

Conscription showed how alive the youth movement is to the needs and problems of labor today. The Youth Congress was the first people's organization to come forth with a full program in defense of the welfare of the conscripts and the unions patterned their programs upon it. Today the whole working class is vitally concerned with military life and the youth movement has taken the lead in fighting for the rights and welfare of its members in the armed forces. Together with the unions in several parts of the country it has been sending delegations to the conscript camps to check up on the treatment accorded the soldiers. As one Town Meeting delegate put it: "When we get into the army we won't forget we're trade unionists!"

Those words, and the great role played by the thousands of young delegates from the labor movement, augur well for the future of America's youth movement. Independent at last, with labor taking an ever-increasing part in its many activities, the Youth Congress will go on to organize more and more youth into the great people's movement of which it is a part. Already it has promised support to the American Peace Mobilization's national meeting against the war in New York on April 5, is arranging for Labor Day the first national congress of trade union youth to be held in this country, and is helping organize a national conference for democracy in education on March 29.

"The young go first," they used to say, speaking of armies in wartime. The young *are* going first now, but in a different way. Greater, more solidly united than any other movement in America, they go first in the fight for jobs and democracy and peace.

MILTON MELTZER.

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Simon Legree Comes North

The travesty of a "national defense" which bars millions of Negroes from jobs. James Morison visits Connecticut, the "war boom country." What the Negroes are saying. First in a series.

WHEN you happen on the words "Jim Crow," you think of the South, that magnolia-clad Dixie of tumble-down shacks, wasted lands, and unhappy lives. But Jim Crow is a national institution, bred of greed and prejudice. And the current war hysteria, with its program of vast expenditures for armaments, its conscript armies, and its philosophy of "strength and discipline," is spreading Jim Crow like a plague.

The new war in "defense of democracy" is a hateful hypocrisy in Negro eyes. The Negro press, the Negro public in all parts of America is quoting facts and figures—a handful of Negroes working in Southern California's aircraft industry where 60,000 jobs have been created; no jobs in Seattle's great Boeing plants; Negro construction workers barred in most army cantonments; Florida Negroes barred at navy yards.

I have collected facts and figures which show that this is a national policy, condoned by the administration, unchecked by Sidney Hillman's labor division of the National Defense Advisory Commission. I have chosen Hartford, in the heart of Connecticut's new "war boom country," as the scene of an investigation into the status of the Negro in "defense." Hartford is a New England state capital. Abolition of slavery found its greatest strength in pre-Civil War New England. You might expect to find Hartford exceptional.

But first let's look at some figures. In 1938, twenty-two percent of Connecticut's white adults were unemployed and looking for work. That year twenty-eight percent of Connecticut's employable Negroes were in the same situation. One year later, Negroes were engaged for 763 jobs in low paid personal services; they constituted eighty percent of all those so employed. Conversely, better paid jobs, in trades, offices, at professions, went almost 100 percent to whites. Of 1,700 Negroes who applied for jobs as unskilled manual laborers, only 126 found employment. Seven hundred applied for production jobs—forty-seven were employed. Fifty percent of all white applicants for government service jobs were engaged—only one Negro in twelve.

Hartford's rate of deaths from tuberculosis is twenty-seven in 100,000, or one out of every 3,704 whites. The rate of Negro deaths from the same cause is one out of every 347—more than ten times as high. These figures may be repeated for many categories. The story—statistically—is always the same.

How do Hartford Negroes feel about the war? What do they think of the Jim Crow policy of Colt Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co., and the Pratt & Whitney branch of United Aircraft Co.?

LET'S DROP IN on Lewis Sargent, Negro community leader in Hartford's North End, executive of a federation of Negro organizations active in charitable work. You find his home after a walk from Main Street, past old frame houses, tiny stores. Climb up the stairs to the second-floor flat and knock and Mrs. Sargent comes to the door. It is Sunday morning. Lewis is asleep, but he wakes and hastens to dress. As you sit in his neat, modest parlor, you see the certificate over his bookcase. He is a master of arts, a doctor of psychology and education. In a moment, the sturdy, well-built man in his mid-thirties grasps your hand warmly. "Glad you're here. I've got plenty to say." He sits forward in his wicker chair. "I'd like to begin from the beginning," he adds. And he fairly bursts with his story:

"I know you want me to talk about today. But first I want you to know something about our community. We Negroes of Hartford have a simple pride in being American citizens. We first came here as long ago as 1734. Most of us were body servants then—that's another word for 'slave,' for Connecticut had slavery before the Revolution, and even afterwards. We fought in the Revolutionary War—many of us. You can look at the headstones in the graveyards—Faithful, Loyal, Handy—those are Negro names. Lots of rich white men didn't want to fight for freedom. They sent their servants as substitutes.

"And we had intellectuals then, Lemuel Haynes, born of a white mother and a black father, who was adopted by Deacon Rose. He was a preacher in North Bloomfield, who married a white woman and went to Vermont where he became famous as an orator. His debates with Hosea Bellew are models of eighteenth century polemics. Last year a mural was unveiled in Bennington, Vermont, to Haynes. And there was Jupiter Hammon, who lived in Hartford, and who was the first Negro poet—although many books credit Phyllis Wheatley with this honor. But Hammon wrote ten years earlier.

"We have pride in our Americanism, and in our culture. . . ." He leaned forward. "Now there's no use telling you the story of the Civil War. But our real troubles hereabouts came with the 1917 world war."

In the fields all about Hartford tobacco grows. Many of the smaller farms are privately owned, but the vaster acreages are controlled by absentee corporations. In 1917, these corporations used the war situation to import Negro labor from the South. Recruiting agents were sent to South Carolina.

"They're doing the same thing today," explained Mr. Sargent. "On the land of the American Sumatra Co., which controls thousands of nearby acres, plantation customs exist. The workers live like serfs on the land, single men in barracks, families in converted pig pens, barns and shacks. They have no bathing facilities, primitive outside toilets. In the fields there's no sanitation whatever. Many work for $1.50 a day, from dawn to nightfall.

"Last year the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing & Allied Workers of America sent an organizer up here, a young Yale graduate. He was arrested for trespassing. It's worth your life to go on that land if they don't want you. Some of the workers struck spontaneously. But the company, by pitting one group against the other in slave tradition, was able to break the strike up. Here's how they do it: The Negroes from the area around Windsorville, in South Carolina, are the poorest paid, worst treated of all. Some southern high school boys are tricked into coming North because they think they can earn enough with which to continue their schooling. Then there are the local Negro and white men and women, who are so downtrodden that they are glad to get any kind of work."

IN HARTFORD, the average Negro head of a family of four earns $13.90 weekly. He lives in an old frame house, such as Mr. Sargent's. In theory he is equal to any white man. But not only does he suffer from economic discrimination—he is Jim Crowed socially.

"Three years ago," says Lewis Sargent, "Countee Cullen, the writer, visited Hartford with his secretary," Mr. Sargent continued. "They dropped into a downtown hotel for dinner. For forty-five minutes they sat in the dining room, until the kitchen closed. They ate in a Negro restaurant.

"Yes, a state law does prohibit discrimination. But the business houses which bar Negro workers create that wall of mistrust, ignorance, and prejudice which is no different from southern Jim Crow. Take the local schools, for instance. We have just three Negro teachers, one in a school in which forty-three percent of the pupils are black, one in a school in which some of the pupils are Negro. The third teacher is a substitute. As a result white children, growing up in Hartford, know nothing about our intellectual life.

"The utilities companies treat us in the same way. Five of our people work for the electric light company—none higher than mail clerk. No street car motormen, no conductors. We have one policeman—a supernumerary cop—and he's a bachelor of science from Howard University who is paid only when he works. Hartford is the insurance center of the nation—no Negro has a better job than porter or elevator operator in the insurance companies. The state government is the same.

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"As for the war industries, just write zero. No—make it plus three. Colt's recently hired three Negroes. The personnel manager wrote: 'Don't think the flood gates are open. They are not.' As for Pratt & Whitney —they have 20,000 working there, twenty-four-hour work day—with many white workers imported from other parts of the country. But not one of our Negroes from Hartford is earning one cent at that plant."

Lewis Sargent speaks with a firm resonant voice. "We try to help ourselves. We raised $60,000 out of our poor community for summer camps and recreation. But we haven't any money because we haven't any jobs." His voice shook with emotion as he said: "President Roosevelt inspected Pratt & Whitney last fall when he was up here looking for votes. He knows we pay taxes, directly or indirectly. He knows the burden of these billions for war falls on us as on everyone else. And he knows how we feel about this terrible thing, because we've told him. If he would lift his little finger, the anti-lynch law would pass Congress. He could get us jobs too. But he hasn't said a word. He hasn't said a word. . . ."

WHO ARE THE NEGROES who want these jobs? The plight of the industrial worker is tragically well known and I shall deal with him in greater detail subsequently. But is the Negro who went to high school or university any better off? I could introduce you to Frank Watson, Harvard graduate, who hands out towels in Hartford's YMCA. Or to George Keith, educated at Wilberforce and Harvard, one of the only two Negroes ever admitted to the state-operated two-hundred-hour course for machinists. Ken has never been able to find a job. Or to Bill Gray, another machinist with a college diploma, who registered with the state employment bureau, and who was finally requisitioned to work—washing cars, wasting his skilled technical training.

Every Negro youth in Hartford knows about these cases. The lesson burns deep into the mind and heart. They are symbols, these boys—educated, fine young Americans —doomed to starve. A few blocks from Lewis Sargent's flat lives 20-year-old Eddie Winters. You climb more narrow stairs in a substandard frame building to meet Eddie. He sits on the edge of his cot as he talks.

Eddie told me about the conference of Hartford youth which was taking place that Sunday afternoon I saw him. We went downtown together in the ten-cent street car and walked to the YWCA. There he introduced me to Laura Harper. Twelve years ago the Harpers came north from Tennessee, father, mother, two daughters and a son. Mr. Harper was a barber, Mrs. Harper a qualified teacher. They settled in Hartford.

Today, at twenty-two, Laura is beautiful. She won a beauty prize in a national competition, Eddie informs me. About her is the deep seriousness of one who is concerned over the fate of Negro young women.

"I attended St. Joseph's college," she tells me as we sit on the bench in the lobby of the women's club. "Mother sent me there. She's never been able to get a teacher's job up here, so she's worked out as a domestic. Father has never been able to find work as a barber either—the only jobs he's had in twelve years in Hartford is at handy man work. So we have had no family life—just boarded out. Right now my sister is in college—mother says that if we can't have anything else we must have an education."

The lobby is filling with delegates to the youth conference as she continues: "I majored in sociology. Four of us majored in that subject, three white girls and myself. We all were graduated last June. They all got a city welfare job. I didn't."

"How do you earn a living?"

"I don't. Right now I'm making $5.50 a week at part time work in a settlement house. I waited on table here in the Y last fall."

But Eddie Winters and Laura Harper are not without hope. They fight for their rights. As the YWCA auditorium fills with delegates I recall a remark Lewis Sargent made that morning: "We older folks fight this thing in the old way. But the real fight remains with the younger generation. My nine-year-old son, for instance. You'll never convince him that he's a second-rate American—"

Eddie Winters introduces me to a young white man. He is Leonard Detweiler, chairman of the youth conference, national chairman of the Christian Youth Movement. "Find a place and listen to our plans," he tells me. From Eddie, I learn that Len Detweiler is a theological student at Hartford Seminary, a youth who is deeply respected for his dynamic revaluation of Christian ethics as a practical and active moral principle.

The room fills with the young people from churches, social clubs, political clubs, individuals with no affiliation, white and Negro, Jew and gentile, until nearly 200 serious, alert young men and women face the podium. There after an invocation by a Negro minister, Len Detweiler opens the meeting. He speaks clearly and the room is silent. "We who are young are asked to accept one of two alternatives, chronic depression or war. But there is a third alternative, defense of democracy at home. . . . There can be no free spirit without a full stomach. We will have no fear when we can achieve security for our fellow Americans. To those leaders who tell us that they fear invasion from abroad, that we who are young are not strong, that we must be urged forward toward war, we reply with a question. Have they lost faith in America? They have. We haven't. . . . Yes, America is strong, as long as it defends its own democracy at home."

THE NEGRO youths who join in the panel discussion are able to bring their problems before their fellow delegates. As they do so, a curious thing occurs. Their problems are not disassociated from the problems of white youth. In an upstairs meeting room three committeemen sit on a panel of "Youth at Work." One is William Scott, representing the AFL Central Labor Union. A second is young Donald Zinn, CIO organizer. Third is dark-haired youthful Nick Tomassetti, former CIO business agent, now representative from New Britain in the state legislature. These three men bespeak labor unity by their very presence in this room with half a hundred young delegates. They hear white youths tell how they, too, walk the streets jobless despite education, ambition, and skill in techniques.

Slim, energetic Donald Zinn speaks for labor: "Jim Crow is a problem which only labor can solve. It's all part of the anti-democratic picture which includes the anti-alien laws, conscription, the model 'anti-sabotage' and 'home guard' bills now being rushed into state legislatures. Hartford's reactionary position toward Negroes is due ot the weakness of labor organization in this city. Only five of twenty-six large plants in Hartford are organized. Only fifteen percent of all industrial workers are union men and women. That's why they're Jim Crow. Wherever the CIO has been able to organize an industry, as in the brass works at Waterbury and Bridgeport, discrimination ends."

Before I quit the YWCA that day the provisional youth conference had voted itself into an all-city Youth Council. There are three Negroes on the provisional executive committee. And one of the platform planks calls for cooperation with organized labor. A Jewish rabbi, a Protestant minister, a Catholic speaker, were among the sponsors of the new organization—they spoke in its favor and then joined in an inter-faith service. Later, chatting with my friend, Eddie Winters, I heard in his voice a new note of optimism. "Now if the CIO would only organize the aircraft plant, the way they did out west—" he said.

And there Hartford's problem rests. In Washington, President Roosevelt and Sidney Hillman do nothing. But people are not taking it lying down. They are thinking in Hartford, in other parts of Connecticut, in all parts of the United States. Lewis Sargent put it this way: "Roosevelt could have passed the anti-lynch bill with one word." Eddie Winters said: "Roosevelt could get us jobs with one word."

That one word is democracy. People are thinking that you cannot defend democracy unless you have a democracy to defend. And a government which condones the oppression of millions of its citizens, which permits them to be submitted to countless small indignities, and finally to cruel, physical suffering—that is not democracy. That is what people are thinking. That is what I learned in the Connecticut Valley.

JAMES MORISON.

The tragic plight of the unskilled Negro worker is told by James Morison in his next article, a survey of Negro job discrimination on a national scale.

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Strictly Personal
by RUTH McKENNEY

Law in the Dust Bowl

THIS is a very simple story, and a very terrible one. It has complicated roots, of course, but every honest story has. This one begins with Economics and History, capital E and capital H. It starts with President Roosevelt and Lenin, the bankers on Wall Street, and the English gentry who spend a lifetime clipping coupons.

It also starts with insurance companies. Insurance companies in Oklahoma, rampant across the great dusty plains, triumphant in the red-clay river valleys. Insurance companies against last pioneers, insurance companies eating away America's heritage.

The insurance companies started to ride high, wide, and handsome after the last war. The oil companies had already taken up a good deal of the land, few settlers ever saw the gleam of any oil money. Somehow the Rockefellers and the other big boys cleaned up in oil. But on the farms in 1918, the Oklahoma people did a bit of rejoicing. Prices were high and even if the land seemed to sift away, in another few years the mortgage would be paid off, and then at last a man would be able to have a bit of comfort and a woman a moment's leisure.

Only it worked out the other way. Prices fell. The land was something less than good. The Oklahoma farmers began to see it go to some insurance company or other in the East. At first it didn't make so much difference, and then the tractors came in. *The Grapes of Wrath* told something about it. The people—some of them—were driven away from their homes, out into the strange lands of the West.

The men left in Oklahoma began to turn hard and grim. And now the story proper begins. It is necessary to remember that in 1916 Oklahoma was the center of the radical grass root movement. In 1918, opposition to the war reached a fever pitch. Today, tradition rides high in Oklahoma; the people turn open minds to new ideas.

Now. It is the summer of 1940. The heat makes waves out on the dusty horizon. In the oil fields the men sweat half-naked tending the great pumps. In Oklahoma City, a new, neat, square little town where men wear ten-gallon hats and boots and the girl in the lunch counter speaks with an engaging drawl, men and women pass in and out of the Progressive Book Shop. Oklahoma City is American, and it may be practically a brand-new town, but it has slums just the same. Rather fearful slums, at that. Hoovervilles, they still call them, acres and acres of packing houses built over the city dump. Squalor and disease, miserable overcrowding right in the heart of what men once called reverently God's County.

The Progressive Book Shop is on a little street not far from the biggest Hooverville. The neighborhood is dirty and neglected, but the book shop is neat, clean, and colorful. It has a mildly amateur look—the bookshelves were not too skilfully made from packing cases. But to the people browsing at its bookshelves, the shop is something close to a palace. For they have come many miles in ancient Fords across the empty land where a body does good to see a man for every ten miles, so clean has the tractor swept Oklahoma. Or they've taken lunch hour from the oil fields nearby. They've made an enormous effort to walk in the door of this little shop, and once they arrive, they are happy.

For this is the only proper book shop in Oklahoma City. Of course, the department stores have little nooks where they sell *Gone With the Wind* but the books are expensive there, and besides the farmers and the oil workers don't go inside the fine slick stores where the rich women shop. This Progressive Book Shop is different. The books are neatly arranged at prices working men and farmers can pay. And on the table are a lot of copies of the Declaration of Independence stacked up, many books about our own country.

Of course, the shop has other attractions. You go back of the shelves and see Bob Wood, a young fellow, but with sense in his head and a way with him. When he talks, you know about the war, and you can go back to the fields and tell the other men. His wife is there, too, a pretty young lady, but not only that, what a whirlwind at getting things going, anti-war meetings and such. And there are quite a few others, some old fellows who've been around Oklahoma since the year one, talking for peace and against the insurance companies. And so on.

Heliker

They're all people who fight the insurance companies and the war.

This is the beginning of the story. And perhaps you have guessed the end. But you can never know how savage this story is, for can you look into the heart of a youngster, like Alan Shaw, just past twenty-two, who will spend ten years in jail? Ten years for telling the people of Oklahoma that the war in Europe is an imperialist butchery.

But I should be exact. In late June a group of drunken hoodlums, American Legion oldsters and suchlike, "raided" the book store. No policeman appeared to help. The following evening a "minister of God" burned the things the gangsters had taken from the store. Among the books that made the bonfire were twenty copies of the US Constitution.

A few weeks later, on August 17, the book shop, just being restored to order, was raided again, this time by the police. So were five private homes—on liquor search warrants. Six days later eighteen men and women found themselves charged with violation of Oklahoma's criminal syndicalism law! And if you think possessing a copy of the Constitution of the United States in Oklahoma or belonging to a minority political party are light things, consider the sentences against the first two of the twelve defendants. Ten years in prison each for Wood, the first defendant, and Shaw, the second.

And as I write this the other ten defendants are awaiting their trial on the same charges before the same kind of a judge, before a hand-picked jury. At least the insurance hoodlums who call themselves public officials hand-picked the last jury and there's little reason to think they'll take a chance this time.

What do you say to end such a story? How many readers of the capitalist press even KNOW that twelve Americans face terrible jail sentences belonging to a minority political party, for the mere *possession* of books found in every public library in the country? I feel, because I know the American people, that if this story were in the hearts of even a small slice of our population, the rising tide of public indignation would set these people free. But the terrible fact is, justice is being murdered, liberty is being assassinated, right here in the United States of America, and nobody KNOWS.

Readers of NEW MASSES, you have friends, even enemies. You can *talk* about the Oklahoma cases, we can *tell* people. If you don't—twelve people will spend the next years of their lives in a living death. But it's more than that. You may not know their names, and yet they are your barrier between your home and security and total fascism.

If you care about liberty and justice in the United States today for yourself as well as for others, I ask you with all my heart to communicate with the International Labor Defense in New York and to volunteer what you can, an hour's work, a dollar bill, a letter written to the right address in Oklahoma.

For the brave men and young women of Oklahoma await your decision.

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(Continued from page 11)

Maritime Union and of the Greater New York Industrial Union Council, finally was permitted to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—the only representative of a progressive organization that was heard by the Senate or House body. Throughout these weeks there has been a steady stream of protest resolutions from trade unions and other people's organizations. In Congress Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York has waged a courageous fight, while the attitude of a number of other representatives and senators has been influenced by the opposition of their constituents. Of outstanding significance in this struggle has been the steadily widening activity of the American Peace Mobilization which is to culminate April 5-6 with an American People's Meeting in New York.

The awakening has begun. Hitlerism must be stopped at home. The millions of Roosevelt and Willkie voters must be shown the way out of the blind-alley into which their leaders have lured them. The people of England are finding that way through the movement launched by the recent People's Convention. Our own people are beginning to speak. The day is not far off when their voice will be a roar.

Crisis in the Orient

THE fruits of American Far Eastern policy have been ripening slowly, fertilized by the blood of millions of China's soldiers. But now they are rotten ripe, and the showdown approaches. The "sudden tensions" in last week's headlines are not simply journalistic parries to frighten Japan. There is a real and continuing crisis in the relations between the two main imperialist blocs in the Pacific, and in the judgment of *Red Star,* the Soviet newspaper, the rivalry between them "is developing into a big conflict."

The Australian Cabinet was called together in the face of a crisis, a situation of "utmost gravity." Lord Halifax and the Australian ambassador in Washington resumed their negotiations with Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles for a Pacific alliance. After a closed session at which Admiral Harold Stark, chief of naval operations, testified, the House Naval Affairs committee voted another $400,000,000 for lookout fortifications at Samoa and Guam. The first island is deep in the South Pacific on the route to New Zealand; the second, which the House thrice refused to fortify, lies in the Japanese-controlled waters on the route to Manila. The British announced their mine-laying around Singapore, and the Japanese Foreign minister again emphasized peace, offering, with a straight face to "mediate" the war in Europe and Asia. But for all the talk of peace, British-Burmese troops are marshaled at the border of Siam, while the Japanese consolidate their hold in southern Indo-China, a few hours' flight from Singapore. It was clear as day that Japan expects to pick the rotten fruit of Anglo-American policy as soon as the war in Europe opens out. And with his characteristic vanity, FDR declared he would fight in the Pacific and keep his irons hot in Europe simultaneously.

Perhaps the showdown will be delayed until later this year, but let it always be remembered that the present impasse is the direct consequence of Mr. Roosevelt's double-faced policy in the Far East, the support of China with language, the support of Japan with war materials. It is the direct result of a blind arrogance in Washington which refuses collaboration with the USSR for peace based on China's victory and prefers the gamble of a naval warfare 6,000 miles from our shores.

And what kind of war would this be? a war for freedom? for democracy? Let it be understood in advance that this could only be a war of rival imperialisms, flowing from reactionary policies pursued over a course of years, a struggle for strategic pre-eminence over rubber and oil and tin. Irrespective of of which power made the first provocative move, the administration's policy of assisting Japan would bear equal responsibility with Japan's own aggression.

Second String Team

IT IS difficult to estimate the precise meaning of all the coming and going among General Franco, Mussolini, and Marshal Petain. Last week's conferences were only two of the long series of confabs among the fascist chieftains all during the fall and winter. The best approach must be general and long-range. Hitler is still trying to get the collaboration of France, Italy, and Spain such as will challenge British control of the Mediterranean and make possible a decisive campaign in North Africa and the Near East. The aim of Italian policy has always been to displace French competition as a naval power, and Mussolini's intention last summer was to gain a share of the French colonial empire without fighting for it. But with the setback in Albania and the rout in Libya, Mussolini can hardly insist on the terms of the armistice. British circles even suggest that he is asking that the French colony, Tunisia, open its gates as a refuge for Marshal Graziani's army in Tripolitania. He is even reported worried about keeping the Arabs in Libya from open revolt.

Franco is in a more difficult economic position than any of his neighbors. It would be impossible for him to mobilize a large armed force without running the risk of re-opening the civil war. Moreover, he is deriving all the value of neutral relations with the United States and Great Britain. Only last week, seventy-four Spanish ships set out to bring back Argentine foodstuffs, made available by a tri-cornered deal financed by American dollars. Even if Germany were ready to attack Gibraltar, it is not easy to see Franco joining up in the war. Certainly, it would not be Mussolini who decided the matter. Besides, fascist Spain has imperialist ambitions of her own, desiring the expansion of Morocco at the expense of France, which conflicts with Italian ambitions also. As for Marshal Petain —we have discussed his policy several times. He wishes to preserve the French colonial empire against both Spanish and Italian claims. He hopes to delay a full collaboration with Germany to see how things will develop in the spring.

It has been suggested that Franco was acting as go-between for Mussolini and Petain. Yet it seems rather late to revive the old dream of a "bloc of Latin nations" such as would parcel out Africa and the Mediterranean among themselves and deal with Germany as a unit. This idea was shattered last September when the first upheaval in Vichy ousted a whole group of pro-Italian politicians. Mussolini is hardly in a position to subordinate France to himself; conversely, France is in a position to ask for the virtual displacement of Italy from the Axis as the price of collaboration with Hitler. There is no unity among the fascists, only intrigue. There is no order, but flux and instability. The real relations among these powers depends on the verdict of the battle. And the battle goes on, not merely over Britain or on the seas, but within their own frontiers.

Watch Italy

MUSSOLINI has a great deal to worry about these days, but there were at least two related items in last week's news that might have been cause for more than worry, perhaps alarm. First came the shelling of Genoa, Italy's major seaport, by units of the British navy; second, the landing of British parachute troops in Calabria which is far down the peninsula at the inset of the Italian boot. According to Roman sources, as many as seventy-five people lost their lives and 250 were hurt at Genoa. The port itself was badly damaged. And it is even possible that the Apulian aqueduct, which carries water

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to some 3,000,000 people, was the subject of sabotage from the parachute troops.

But these events are more important than the damage done. The British seem to have learned from the experiences of Germany in the use of parachute troops. And the rather daring attack on a defended town in daylight brings home once again that the British Navy dominates the western as well as eastern half of the Mediterranean. Most significant of all, the British are obviously following up their advantage from the stalemate in Albania and Marshal Graziani's debacle in Libya. Fascist Italy is revealed more clearly than ever as one of the soft spots on the continent, and the more the British go for it, the more trouble Hitler will have in keeping his other allies in line.

But the parachute landings in Calabria seem to have been a symbolic continuation of Churchill's speech some weeks ago in which he offered terms to the Italian ruling class if only they dropped their "sawdust Caesar." The traditional pro-British sections in the Italian ruling class will be found among the landed nobility, whose power is in the agricultural south, not the industrial north. Thus, altogether apart from what the Italian people will be doing, Italy is worth watching. It is possible that as Nazi troops take over more and more of the northern plain, the British may be thinking of a modified invasion from the south.

Ghettoes for Amsterdam

STORIES are coming through every day of intense popular resistance to the Nazi occupation in Europe. The news from Poland is obscure, but the mood of the people in Bohemia and Slovakia shone through unmistakably in the recent letter from Lisbon which we published in our issue of February 4. In retrospect, the struggle between two factions in the Rumanian ruling class which took the form of a ten-day orgy of murder and pogroms was a particular reflection of difficulties which Germany is having everywhere. And in Norway, things must be pretty hot if Heinrich Himmler, chief of the Gestapo, found it necessary to make a recent tour of that country.

Then there was the report last week of street fighting between Dutch citizens of Jewish origin and the pro-Nazi armed guard and police. The fighting took place in the Waterloo district of Amsterdam on February 10. This is where about half of Holland's 100,000 Jews live, and the Nazis seem to have gotten the worst of it. As a result, the authorities have now ordered all non-Jews out, and it is likely that the area will be cut off from the rest of the city on the pattern of the Polish ghettoes.

The militancy of the Jewish youth strikes us as significant, especially in this ancient Sephardic community, so many members of which were among the most respectable of the Dutch burghers. The pro-British press

(Continued on page 20)

Showdown in the Balkans

THE trend of events in the Balkans is clearing up old riddles and creating new ones. Why Germany maintained diplomatic relations with Greece after Mussolini's invasion has remained one of the unanswered questions of the past four months. And just how Hitler expected to settle the stalemate in Albania has been another. For some weeks, there have been signs of a renewed Italian offensive against Greece, and Nazi technicians and mechanics were admittedly helping Mussolini. But judging from last week's fireworks—the visit of the Yugoslav ministers to Berchtesgaden, the strong probability of German troop movements south of the Danube, the treaty against mutual aggression between Turkey and Bulgaria—we would raise our own bets that the issue in Greece will be settled by the force of diplomatic position rather than the force of arms.

If this is true, and our editorials and articles have continually suggested it, the Greek ruling class is now going through an intense inner conflict, for which the death of Dictator Metaxas was a point of departure. The chances are that Britain's foothold in Greece is very insecure, much more so than the American press has led us to believe. Churchill will probably retain not much more than the island of Crete from his own invasion of Greece, plus another government-in-exile and a substantial merchant marine.

By signing the agreement with Bulgaria, Turkey is in effect focusing the next stage of the struggle on itself. And this is by far the most complex and crucial knot in the power-antagonisms of the eastern Mediterranean. Unless Britain's control of the eastern Mediterranean is substantially broken, Hitler cannot get any nearer to Suez than Greece without a land campaign through Turkey. Britain will retain her naval position as well as her general Middle Eastern position on land only by the continued loyalty of the Turks to their mutual-assistance agreement. This is a complex of problems that impinges directly on a key area of Soviet security, the entrance to the Black Sea. It is all the more likely therefore that the USSR will intensify its efforts to keep the war from this region, but as the major antagonists strive to get at each other ever more fiercely, the USSR, it seems to us, will be guided in its policy by the longest and largest view of the war in its world aspects.

If we remember how Hitler handled Bulgarian and Hungarian claims on Rumania last summer, it is not difficult to surmise that the Nazis are now playing Yugoslavia against Bulgaria and vice versa in the hope of using them both against Greece. The chips in this game are the heritage of territorial antagonisms which date from the Balkan wars and the Versailles settlement. Yugoslavia might very well be asked to return a section of Voivodina to Hungary, a region which was formerly part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. Between Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Greece lies the region of Macedonia in which the shuffling of boundaries is possible at the expense of Greece. The big Serbian bourgeoisie will no doubt be pleased with a passageway to Salonica, one of the major Balkan trade outlets. One of Bulgarian revisionist demands has been for the return of the outlet to the Aegean Sea which Greece received at the treaty of Neuilly. As Greece is humbled, enough will be found to give Mussolini the semblance of a victory which he could not gain himself.

In all of this, German imperialism is taking the fullest advantage of its initiative, its economic hold on these Balkan countries, and, of course, their relative military weakness. Hitler is also exploiting the characteristic schizophrenia of the Balkan ruling classes, some members of which have historic ties to British and French capital, such as Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, other members of which, such as Boris of Bulgaria, have traditional relations with Germany. In Greece this is a struggle which has run through the whole history of the first world war and the post-war decade.

Nevertheless, the main hesitation of the ruling groups in the Balkans must be traced directly to popular feeling. In Yugoslavia and Bulgaria that feeling is unquestionably against involvement in the war. It is openly sympathetic to Soviet neutrality. Hitler expects that, as in Rumania, the native bourgeoisie will handle all internal problems. Thus, when the ruling cliques decide to throw their full weight on Hitler's side, they have all the more reason to ask for his armed forces.

Yet it is obvious that both the native bourgeoisie and Hitler himself are playing with fire: the deep national pride, the powerful working-class movement in Bulgaria, the substantial strength of the radical peasantry in Yugoslavia whose economic foundations have been undermined by the war. It is this factor which compels the Nazis to exploit diplomatic contrivances to the utmost. It is also this factor which might at any time intervene to change the relations of classes and nations. The chances are that this change will await the repercussions of the next half year of the warfare.

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in this country gives considerable publicity to these developments, visualizing in them the restoration of British imperialist influence, and the old balance of power, on the continent. No doubt many people in western Europe especially, are really influenced by the hope of victory for one side as against the other. Yet we think that when the time comes, the liberation of the peoples whom German imperialism has subjugated, will not come from Britain, but from the power and resources within the peoples of these lands themselves.

Soviet Conference

FROM all corners of one-sixth of the earth, delegates arrived in Moscow for the Eighteenth Conference of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. It was one of those Soviet meetings which are so difficult for men and women of the capitalist world to comprehend—a conference of workers, managers, administrators, engineers, technicians responsible for the health and growth of socialist economy. These were not the "magnates" of Soviet factories and railroads, for in a civilization where industry belongs to no individual, it belongs to all. These were not the hired men of absentee tycoons and financial barons, for they spoke without restraint of what had been well done and what had been done poorly. And all of it with a deep sense of devotion and responsibility.

As we go to press we learn from the report by G. M. Malenkov, one of the Party secretaries, that capital investment in Soviet plant and transport has risen steadily, that whereas production reached a gross value of 100,000,000,000 roubles in 1938, by 1939 it was close to 125,000,000,000, and in 1940 reached 137,000,000,000. Transport shows encouraging improvement. Traffic on rails has increased by some ten percent in the past year. River traffic has gone up close to thirteen percent and short-haul freight on the seas some fifteen percent. The emphasis of Malenkov's report, which is being discussed most of this week, was on less desk work by responsible officials and more attention to plant problems, a greater development of Stakhanovism and a more painstaking cooperation of regional Party organizations. The tone was sober and confident. The perspectives for socialist advance are limited only by the capacity of humanity itself.

Let the "Lovcen" Sail

MR. CHURCHILL'S clamorous attempts to identify himself with democracy become more ironic with each passing day. How in the name of humanity the British government can justify the "blacklisting" of the Rescue Mission mercy ship, the *SS Lovcen,* we leave to the logic of Mr. Roosevelt. But we are simple people and we see truths simply. Did the Spanish loyalists fight for democracy? Did they fight against *El Caudillo* (Spanish for Fuehrer) Franco? Did they fight against the combined armies of Hitler and Mussolini as well as Franco? The history books have the record. Mr. Churchill claims his war is to safeguard democracy and to restore it to those lands and to those men who have lost it. If that were so, would he not be in the forefront of those who work to rescue the refugees from the tyrant Franco and from the misery of the concentration camps?

But Mr. Churchill has put the *SS Lovcen* on the blacklist. And our own government does not raise a finger to aid the American democrats who hope to restore to normal life these men and women who fought so heroically for the republic in 1936-39. But the government is not the people, that much is clear. The demand grows in the United States for the British government to rescind its ban. Organizations like the Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade have sent delegations to the British representatives here and they plan to make the ship a central demand in their Memorial Meeting at Manhattan Center February 26.

And not only north of the Rio Grande. Latin-American organizations this week pledged $75,000 within forty-eight hours after the sailing warrant was granted. Meanwhile the Rescue Ship Mission is moving heaven and earth to persuade the British Ministry of Shipping to alter its decision and to permit the *Lovcen* to refuel at British or British-controlled ports. Thousands of wires have already been sent Lord Halifax at the British Embassy in Washington. And in London Dr. Juan Negrin, head of the Spanish republican government, is reported to be doing everything he can to get favorable action. Pres. F. Calderon Guardia, of Costa Rica, and eminent members of the Peruvian parliament have interceded with British authorities to issue the warrant for the mercy ship—and the great, freedom-loving President of the United States (according to his frequent testimony) has said not a word.

The People Meet

AGAINST the counterfeit democracy issuing from Washington America's people gather to mint their own solid coin. In New York State last weekend, 450 delegates of 1,500,000 men and women held a conference on Legislation for Democracy, arranged by the New York Conference for Inalienable Rights. They heard Rep. Vito Marcantonio describe the Rapp-Coudert Red-baiters as a "diaper Dies committee." They heard Edwin S. Smith of the NLRB warn that "if fascism ever comes to America it will come as an 'anti-fascist' movement." Lee Pressman, the CIO's general counsel; Harcourt Tynes, of the American Association for the Study of Negro Life and History; Rosalie Manning, president of the Conference for Inalienable Rights; Henry Epstein, New York State solicitor general; these and other speakers representing labor and civil-rights groups led the delegates in formulating a program to safeguard—yes, and *extend*—democratic rights. It was a real people's conference; enough so for the Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram* to cry "Red!" and assign one of its reporters, Frederick Woltman, to do an Elizabeth Dilling on the speakers. Mr. Woltman's attack was promptly and accurately described by Clifford T. McAvoy, deputy commissioner of welfare for New York City, as "one of the most despicable, cowardly, and malicious attempts to discredit a genuine American organization, that has occurred in the past year."

The conference in New York must be multiplied by forty-seven at least. Otherwise, we may find ourselves without a Bill of Rights. Few people, for example, are aware yet that a bill is pending in Congress which would give the FBI and other "investigating" agencies *carte blanche* to tap telephone wires on the merest suspicion of "felony." The bill, which was quietly introduced by Representative Hobbs of Alabama, is authored by one Alexander Holtzhoff, Attorney General Jackson's special assistant. So broadly is it worded that government authorities could open private mail and intercept telegraph and radio communications. The Supreme Court has outlawed wiretapping and the Federal Communications Act forbids it. There is scarcely an invasion of privacy more odious to democratic people. It is a measure of the administration's war-dizzy arrogance that such a legislative proposal should be made.

Mr. Jackson Tries Again

HARRY BRIDGES led the great West Coast maritime strike in 1934 that won organization and economic gains for thousands of longshoremen. Harry Bridges was a mighty leader in building the union on the waterfronts of the Pacific, in organizing the warehouse men, in spreading unionism throughout the open-shop West. Today he is the champion of working men and women, a fierce opponent of war, a defender of the standard of living of the masses. Harry Bridges is a progressive American.

And so the Department of Justice orders a "hearing" to show reason why Harry Bridges, resident of California for over fifteen years, should not be deported. Once before, for endless weeks, Bridges was "investigated," and the result of the long parade of stool-pigeon, hired-spy "testimony" was to prove he was not subject to deportation. But failing once, reaction tries again. Robert H. Jackson is instructed to dig up something, anything, to find some loophole in the law hitherto overlooked.

Dean Landis of Harvard Law School could find no truth whatsoever in the accusation that Bridges is a member of the Communist Party or ever had been a member. Now the FBI has unearthed new "evidence"! Would it be too much hazard that a parade of coached and bribed spies will come forward with even more bizarre stories of Bridges seen here, Bridges seen there? But even though the government has once before proved that Bridges is no Communist, still the charge itself is in no way legal grounds for deportation. Despite the deliberate violation of its civil rights, the Communist Party is legal and membership in it is likewise legal.

The Bridges case is a sad commentary on

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the state of our nation. Reaction calls the turn. But the plot against Bridges has one terrible weakness—it cannot withstand the protests of labor. The CIO is on record against the frameup. Harry Bridges is not only a great union organizer; he has become a symbol of unity for all who understand that organized labor is the firmest defense against the cabals of those who are betraying America.

Splitting the Teachers

THE executive council of the American Federation of Teachers has pursued a destructive course ever since the national convention last August. Contrary to the mandate of the convention to promote unity in order to resist the nationwide offensive against education, the Green-Counts forces in the council have wasted the union's time, money, and energy in an effort to smear and expel several of the largest and most progressive locals. Their "decision" this week to revoke the charters of the three New York chapters and the Philadelphia group was malicious, unwarranted, and unconstitutional. This action was a disgrace to the labor movement.

But the fight has only begun. The constitution of the AFT explicitly provides that no charter shall be revoked in the event of an appeal from council action except by two-thirds of the ensuing convention. Officials of the attacked locals have vigorously declared their intention to fight for their rights all the way. They are confident that the national membership will overwhelmingly reverse the council's stand.

In the meantime, the destroyers of the union from within are giving aid and comfort to the enemies of education outside. The Rapp-Coudert witch hunters, having grabbed the membership lists of local five, took similar action against local 537, the College Teachers' group of New York. To meet the renewed attacks of Rapp-Coudert and other such bodies which have sprouted throughout the country, a national committee has been formed to save the American Federation of Teachers in order to protect the schools. Dr. John De Boer of Chicago, who opposed the candidacy of Counts last summer, has emphasized that the real threat to education comes from a rising native reaction and fascism, and that the Communist issue is being raised as a bogeyman to distract attention from that threat. All friends of education join him in accusing the executive council of "irresponsibility" in "conniving with the enemies of education on the shallow pretext of Communism."

The Case of Ben Rubin

SEVENTEEN years in prison! That is what you may get in Berks County, Pa., for exercising constitutional rights. That is what Ben Rubin of Berks County has received. Rubin, the Communist candidate for Congress in last year's elections, was sentenced for soliciting signatures to his party's nominating petition. Officially the charges against him were "perjury" and "violation of the election code." You remember the ballot frameups of last fall in Pennsylvania, New York, and other states: the terrorizing of petition signers into retracting their signatures, the charges that signatures had been obtained under "false pretenses," the unconcealed browbeating of court witnesses. By this tactic, among others, the Communist Party was kept off the ballot in state after state. Ben Rubin's seventeen-year sentence is one product of that tactic.

Rubin was arrested in August, released on $5,000 bail, rearrested in November (with five others), convicted, and freed on $2,500 bail. Then he was tried a second time for "perjury" and for "violating the election code." Both trials were marked by the most disorderly disregard for the defendant's rights. Counsel for the defense was refused time to prepare its case. Jurors were sworn in who had admitted prejudice against Communism. Evidence was flimsy and plainly forced. It was revealed during the trial that witnesses had been intimidated by the Dies committee as well as the Pennsylvania State Police and county detectives. But the judge and district attorney were determined to get this man Rubin, enemy of the Berkshire Knitting Mill interests, of the racketeers whom the district attorney was protecting, of war and injustice. Rubin will stand trial soon, *for the third time,* on another indictment in connection with the ballot petitions. The five men arrested with him have yet to be tried. One of them is the Rev. Max Putney, executive secretary of Berks County Civil Liberties Committee, who was seized while on his way to speak at a meeting protesting the first Rubin arrest. The Civil Liberties Committee and the Committee for People's Rights in Eastern Pennsylvania are leading the progressives' battle for the acquittal of Rubin and the other defendants. It is a battle that demands the participation of all true liberals.

Strike on "The Day"

THE *Jewish Day,* New York Yiddish daily, has always made much of its "liberalism," has always prided itself on being a representative of Jewish culture. It was a severe blow to the paper's pretensions when on the first day of the Newspaper Guild's strike, the widow of Sholem Aleichem, often called the Jewish Mark Twain, joined the picket line. To bolster shattered prestige, the management has fallen back on Red-baiting. The issues which led to the strike, according to the management, are purely the work of Communists up to no good. The truth is that the owners of the *Day* are themselves responsible for the walkout. They have consistently violated the contract signed with the guild. On February 14, they summarily discharged six editorial workers, and reduced the pay of seven others by ten to fifty-five percent. Only then did the guild unit unanimously decide to strike, since the management refused to negotiate.

Those discriminated against are journalists of years' standing, known throughout the Yiddish speaking community. They include two novelists, Sarah B. Smith and Leon Kobrin, and the leading columnist and former managing editor, B. Z. Goldberg. In the first strike undertaken in New York City in over three years, the guild has promised to organize mass picket lines twice daily until the management lives up to its contract, and reinstates the discharged writers, and rescinds the pay cut. The *Day,* always a "friend" of labor when such expressions of concern did not require corresponding action, has no interest in labor when it means organization and protection of workers' rights in the *Day's* office itself. The employees of this newspaper, however, have decided that friendship begins at home.

Krivitsky

FRAUD followed Samuel Ginsburg, alias Walter Krivitsky, even to the grave. The bogus general became the hero of a bogus murder sensation. Though he had taken pains to leave incontrovertible proof that his death was a suicide, a little clique of professional Soviet-haters and the mercenary press sought to concoct something more. Their tales about "murder by the OGPU" were very much in the spirit of the tales Krivitsky himself told—for a price. And at least one of these crystal gazers, the former Gestapo spy and phony par excellence, Jan Valtin, found the Krivitsky suicide a profitable thing. But the truth was so clear and obvious that all the rantings of Louis Waldman, Suzanne La Follette, Alexander Kerensky, Jan Valtin, J. B. Matthews, Benjamin Stolberg *et al.,* and all the murder-mongering of the commercial press only succeeded in making them look ridiculous.

Krivitsky died meanly, as he had lived. An impostor and fake, he was unable to endure the obscurity that swallowed him once the anti-Soviet fantasies, which Isaac Don Levine ghosted for him, had had their day. And perhaps, too, he felt the burden of the Frankenstein monster of falsehood he had created. "I think my sins are big," he wrote in his farewell note to his wife. In those last days when he was planning his exit from the world he inadvertently gave new testimony against himself. The correspondent of the New York *Post,* a paper which has taken all these assorted Krivitskys and Valtins to its bosom, discovered on questioning the wife of Eitel Wolf Dobert, the former Nazi storm trooper with whom Krivitsky spent his last days, that the man who claimed to have been a Soviet general knew nothing about guns and bullets! NEW MASSES said as much when it first exposed him in the issue of May 9, 1939.

The Krivitsky suicide and its aftermath have lifted a corner of the lid on the moral cesspool in which wallow the gang of journalistic racketeers who make their living by Soviet-baiting and Red-baiting. They serve as auxiliaries of the Dies committee and J. Edgar Hoover's Gestapo and are supported by the Roosevelt administration which brought Krivitsky to this country and sheltered him at a time when thousands of anti-fascist refugees are excluded. These typewriter Capones are a menace to the social health of the American people.

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Portrait of a Society

Roger Martin du Gard, Nobel Prize winner, destroys the myths of 1914-18 in his new novels. Samuel Putnam predicts some embarrassing moments for the critics.

THE THIBAULTS *and* SUMMER 1914, *by Roger Martin du Gard. Viking. $3 and $3.50, respectively; 2 vols. boxed, $6.*

IT IS by a happy irony that the work of the Nobel Prize winner, Martin du Gard, appears at this particular hour of the historic clock. Indeed, one would think, the timeliness of these volumes, especially *Summer 1914,* should prove a trifle embarrassing for most reviewers and it will be interesting to see what they make of it. We need not be surprised if there is a considerable amount of hemming and hawing on the subject.

For just as the professional war-makers get going nicely, there comes along a book, a hard-bitten, desperately honest book, such as could be written only out of the blood and tears of memory, to blow sky-high the whole rotten myth of 1917: the war to "make the world safe for democracy," the "war to end war," and all the rest.

Yes [says one of the characters in *Summer 1914*], they've already mobilized all the high-sounding slogans to help them drown the voice of conscience. Anything to cloak the idiocy of it all, to stifle the least glimmer of common sense! Honor, patriotism, justice, civilization! And what's behind all those fine catchwords? Commercial interests, competition for world markets, rackets put up by business men and politicians, the never-ending greed of the ruling class in every land! Did you ever hear such nonsense? They propose to "save civilization" by behaving like bloody savages, by giving man's basest instincts a free run. To defend the cause of justice by organized, anonymous murder, by shooting down poor devils who don't wish us any harm but have been induced by the same infernal claptrap to join up against us. It's preposterous, preposterous!

From this it may be seen the civilization saver is no new species; and then as now he operated behind a smoke screen of "national defense." Jacques Thibault, the hero, is led to recall the famous saying of the Cardinal de Retz:

Nothing is of greater importance in handling a nation than to make it appear to them, even when one attacks, that one has only self-defense in mind.

If there is one thing that stands out clearly from all the filthy behind-the-scenes intrigue that reached a climax in the fateful summer of twenty-seven years ago, it is the fact that the Allies were every bit as guilty of "aggression" as were the Central Powers. No reasonable person can doubt this after reading M. Martin du Gard's pages, in which history overshadows fiction. Nothing could be more provocative than Poincare's visit to Russia

Roger Martin du Gard

before the World War and the flaunting of the Franco-Russian alliance in Germany's face. Both sides, the truth is, were "spoiling for a war," as the French worker puts it.

The worst of it is that M. Martin du Gard is so damnably conscientious and thorough-going; he has to tell all; even the truth about the despicable role of Social Democracy and the horrendous collapse of the Second or Yellow International. It is the ghastly betrayal of the masses by the Social-Democratic leaders which provides the author with an atmosphere of high tragedy for the concluding and major portion of his work, thus lifting the narrative above the plane of the personal and conferring upon it a sweep and significance which otherwise would be wholly lacking. Without this theme, *The Thibaults* would be merely another of the innumerable novels of French family life; merely another portrayal of the god-awful ugliness of French bourgeois civilization as crystallized in the distorted family relationship. As it is, the completed work takes on the proportions of a "portrait of a society," to employ M. Romains' phrase, and invites a by no means unfavorable comparison with such a production as the *Men of Good Will.* This at the same time renders it infinitely superior to M. Duhamel's doddering chronicle of the Pasquier tribe, with its cramped horizon and pettifogging detail.

Summer 1914, here published for the first time in English, rounds out the tale of the two families, the Catholic Thibaults and the Protestant Fontanins, a story that centers about the two brothers, Jacques and Antoine Thibault, Jacques' friendship with Daniel Fontanin, and his love for Daniel's sister, Jenny. There is, also, the tyrannical and hypocritical old father, Oscar Thibault, who dominated the previously published portion of the work, which ended with his death. In *Summer 1914,* we find the dreamy and incorrigible Jacques one of a band of revolutionaries in Switzerland and a member of the Second International. The plot from now on has to do with the swiftly developing war crisis, the futile, half-hearted efforts of the Socialists to avert it, and the final abandonment of all struggle on the part of most of them, when they did not openly go over to the other side.

From amid the welter of faint-heartedness, intrigue and forthright treason, born of a lack of faith in the masses, there emerges one stainless figure: that of Jean Jaures; and the revolver shot with which the war makers silenced his opposition echoes through these pages like a knell of doom—the doom of that order in which Antoine Thibault goes on stubbornly believing to the end, and against which his brother, Jacques, a product of it also, so violently and ineffectually rebels.

The personal threads of the story are, of course, resumed; but the destinies of individuals, tragic in nearly every case, seem after all to matter very little. Jacques and his brief moment of love with Jenny, sterile save for a posthumous child; Antoine and his dragging amour; Daniel, the artist and war hero, left maimed for life; M. Fontanin's suicide, the perfect end of a little bourgeois—what are all of these but the little daily deaths-in-life of a class bent upon suicide by the shortest and surest means: imperialist war? The significant climax comes when Jacques, going up in a plane to drop anti-war leaflets on No-Man's-Land, is hurled to a slow and tortured death. It is the last brave act of an idealistic middle-class revolutionist, turned traitor to his class; and it is sabotaged by the Social Democrat, Meynestrel, who wants the war to go on that revolution may result!

At the end the author gives us a lengthy epilogue, consisting largely of Antoine's diary, as the elder brother lies dying of a gassed lung. It is here that the true moral of the tale is borne in, the one of which, it is altogether likely, the author himself was unaware. Antoine, upholder of the bourgeois order, that order maintained by the class of which he is a member, is none the less thoroughly disillusioned with the war.

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Surely [he says] the most fervent addicts of the "fruits of victory" are forced today to own that modern war—however you look at it, from a national or an individual viewpoint—spells unmitigated ruin, without any hope of compensating gain.

He sees all this clearly enough, as did all the scared little bourgeois in 1918; and he accordingly turns, as they turned, to Woodrow Wilson, "the democratic ideal at its noblest" (!) and to a League of Nations that was already being talked of as he breathed his last. But it was the big bourgeois, not the little one, who was to have the final say, at Versailles and Geneva.

Meanwhile, Antoine is terribly afraid of not being "realistic," of being "Utopian," by which he means entertaining any ideas that would involve an infringement on the prerogatives of his class; and so he falls back on the old song: you can't change human nature; you can't expect a perfect (read non-exploiting) world. That moral of which we were speaking? You have it here: the ruling class learns little, and forgets that little fast. As I say, I do not know if M. Martin du Gard had this in mind. I am inclined to doubt it. But he has made us see it with a penetrating clarity.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Southern Editor

THE MIND OF THE SOUTH, *by J. W. Cash. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.*

THERE are features of this work that are commendable but there are others, many and important, which are the opposite, and which force one to take a decidedly negative stand on the book as a whole.

Concerning the former, it is refreshing to see an influential white Southerner (Mr. Cash is associate editor of the Charlotte, N. C., *News*) bluntly characterize the slave system as "terrible, revolting." Similarly the poisonous influence of the attempted suppression of all anti-slavery thought and activity in the life of the South, politically, socially, and culturally, is developed in a forthright manner. There is, too, no blinking the ugly truth concerning the abominable conditions that have prevailed during the present century for the rural and urban Southern masses, no flinching in excoriating the poll-tax demagogues—Bilbo, Glass, Reynolds, et al.—no hesitancy in placing the deprivation of civil liberties, the terrorism, the venomous anti-unionism (all that is symbolized by the Ku Klux Klan), at the feet of the master groups in the South.

Three main deficiencies, however, vitiate much of the work's usefulness. First, it is a fact that one of the facets of Southern thinking that has been most striking, political theory, is almost totally neglected, so that key figures like Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Cooper, and John C. Calhoun receive nothing more than parenthetic notice, while others, including outstanding individuals such as John Taylor, James Madison, and George Fitzhugh, are not even mentioned.

Second, for over 200 years Negroes have formed from one-third to one-half of the total population of the South, and have done all the things the whites have done, from conquering the frontier to writing poetry, from struggling for a better life to creating music. Although all this is manifestly true, one is never made aware of even the existence of these millions of people except for an occasional aside as to how they allegedly affected the whites. They appear as mere props, mannequins, and, indicative of the author's attitude, are referred to, when noticed, in typical cliche fashion as "creatures of grandiloquent imagination, of facile emotion," as "ignorant and ductile." Mr. Cash has the audacity to assert of his work that "The basic picture of the South is here, I believe," though he hasn't even tried to cover one-third of his subject!

A final fundamental failing, from which are derived many major and minor fallacies and inaccuracies, is the fact that while the author does generally recognize class divisions and antagonisms as basic phenomena in the present-day South, he does not see, and indeed explicitly and repeatedly denies, that class divisions were underlying factors in the South's history from the earliest period. Thus the assertion that "social distinctions hardly existed prior to the invention of the cotton gin" would have made interesting reading for the insurrectionists in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The politics of the nineteenth century also, of course, reflect conflicting class interests which were exemplified by attempts on the part of non-slaveholding groups—farmers, artisans, mechanics—to overthrow the Bourbons' grip upon the state apparatus. And while Mr. Cash insists there was a solidifying of all groups in the decade prior to and during the Civil War, the fact is that this period represents a high point in political turmoil in the South, with new parties springing up and fundamental issues such as suffrage and the taxing policy being fought over as never before. Indeed, this internal threat is, in the reviewer's opinion, an important factor behind the slavocracy's gambling on a counter-revolutionary stroke following the election of 1860. Merely looking at the statistics of that election will show that solidity was anything but characteristic of the Southern political scene. Three major candidates appeared there—Bell, Douglas, and Breckenridge—and while the latter was the choice of the dominant slavocratic wing, the combined votes of the other two, *in the South itself,* nothwithstanding a campaign of terror and a restricted suffrage, came to over 680,000, while Breckenridge polled but 570,000.

The conspiratorial nature of the secession movement is well known, and there are on record admissions by its leaders, such as Edmund Ruffin, which demonstrate that they were aware of the fact that their actions by no means conformed to the will of the majority of the white Southerners. During the war itself this class division was brought to a climax. A striking manifestation of this (one among several) is the fact that one out of every seven or eight Confederate soldiers deserted, *taking his arms with him,* and before the end of the struggle there existed an army of over 100,000 former soldiers of Secessia carrying on an active and serious guerrilla war against the slaveholders' government.

Reconstruction, instead of being treated as a "battle for democracy," is treated in rather typical orthodox Bourbon fashion, with the Negroes pictured as the tools of unscrupulous whites and "strutting about full of grotesque assertions, cheap whiskey, and lying dreams"—the latter including universal suffrage, an end to Jim Crowism and anti-Semitism, free education, a wider distribution of land, and other "grotesque" desires.

The Populist movement is handled more sympathetically, though here again the two characteristic errors appear: a minimization of the class character of the movement and a complete failure to consider the active role of the Negro in it, and the striking fact of active and widespread collaboration between whites and Negroes during the years of its existence.

With such failings as these (and space has permitted the merest sampling) it is obvious that Mr. Cash has fallen far short of producing "the basic picture of the South."

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Sociological Curio

LIFE, LIBERTY, AND PROPERTY, *by Alfred Winslow Jones. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50.*

THE privately directed poll of public opinion speaks these days like the oracle of Delphi. Dr. Gallup has assumed the power of interpreting democratic thought about vital issues; his percentages roar out of infinity with Olympian grandeur. And he has his imitators. **Mr. Jones goes** even beyond the Princeton pundit. Misusing Robert S.

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Lynd's *Middletown,* and the technique of Mass Observation—reportage in exact words of individual expressions—he has run amuck. Charts, statistical tables and pompous but totally indecisive conclusions encumber this study of what the people of Akron, O., think about "corporate property."

Mr. Jones invented seven tales about conflicts between human and corporate property rights. The seizure of coal by starving workers from idle mines, the Saginaw Valley stay-in strike on utilities corporation property, the threat of B. Goodrich Co., to remove its plant from Akron, "penny auction sales" of Midwestern farm properties, the use of tear gas against Fansteel sitdown strikers, the ILGWU contract barring removal of a dress plant from the metropolitan five-cent fare zone, mass action against rent evictions on bank-owned property—these were the problems flung into the Akron air. The population of the rubber capital, where fierce sitdown strikes won CIO organization for the workers, was sampled by groups ranging from big business leaders to union members and Communists.

The result was just about what you would expect. Those who possess property usually identified themselves with the Hamiltonian concept of the inalienable right to their possessions. The others placed human rights above vested interests.

Mr. Jones was not satisfied with this inevitable result. His survey, probably like all other privately controlled surveys, is colored by his opinions. Although the history of Akron labor clearly reveals that the working class, led by class-conscious trade unionists, courageously fought and won by the power of their unity, Mr. Jones chooses to assume something quite different. The "middle groups," i.e., the middle class, he says, played the decisive role. Public opinion —the white-collar workers, farmers, shop keepers, churchmen, professionals of Akron held off the sheriff, national guard, influenced newspapers, etc., during the organization drive. The workers owe all to the sympathetic tolerance of the "middle groups."

This is, of course, nonsense. But Mr. Jones has a deeper motive. He is out to refute Marxism, to confute the premises and conclusions of Ruth McKenney's *Industrial Valley,* and to belittle the influence of the Communist Party of Ohio in Akron's historic rise from an open to a closed shop town. He accomplishes this by direct assault upon Miss McKenney and the Communists; he avoids coming to grips with Marxist theory. Behind the elaborate facade of impressive pseudo-scientific mystification, he squirms around to contrive an historically false statement that something must be done to ease the public's pain, and that in any eventuality, the middle class must lead the workers if any sort of progress toward a solution is to be made.

But the reasonably objective historical half of the Jones book as well as the figures and analyses reveal something of the truth. Akron labor is predominantly militant. It possesses a high degree of unity. No other group except the tiny handful of big businessmen is so united in opinion. The middle class, on the other hand, vacillates as it has always done. It plays only a secondary role in molding public opinion; it shifts as it did in 1936 and 1937 toward the stronger side—in this case the workers.

The tales told to Akronites by Mr. Jones' interviewers were admittedly faulty and could be subjectively interpreted by the questioner. The choice of sampled opinions lay, too, in the hands of a prejudiced individual, in this case the decidedly unneutral, anti-Communist Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones should have included himself among the persons queried. Despite his protestations of serene Platonic indifference, he's obviously a Social-Democrat. As an example of the lengths toward which bourgeois "thinkers" will go to find apparent substantiation for their theoretical claims, this book is a sociological curio. It belongs in the whatnot case.

JAMES MORISON.

Grace Without Depth

MEXICO, A NEW SPAIN WITH OLD FRIENDS, *by J. B. Trend. Macmillan. $2.50.*

FROM a professor of Spanish literature who spent considerable time in Spain on behalf of the loyalist cause, and whose deliverance of a Spanish refugee from Franco's hands was the reason for his first visit to Mexico, one might have expected more than a cheerful catalogue of the Spanish aspects of Mexican culture. Notwithstanding Dr. Trend's admirable scholarship and the grace with which he carries it, his book is terribly out of tune. He promises in his introduction that "his Mexico" is not like the Mexico of the archæologist, the oil propagandist, the student of folkways or of social problems, but "the Mexico of reasonable people." If, by chance, a human being does poke his head from behind the elaborately described Indian ruins, the "reasonable Mexican" is always entertaining many people with much food or has just invited the English professor to his "charming, modern house."

In his quest for a "New Spain" Dr. Trend has found only a tiny bit of the old Mexico and almost none of the new. The chapters on "Alphabets for Indians" and "Mexican Spanish" afford some insight into present-day Mexican cultural problems; but Dr. Trend's blind spot is revealed when he recalls (in more than one place) "the remark made to me by a Mexican very much involved in oil at the moment, that oil need not affect cultural relations." Flowers, Indian legends, dry weather, and Spanish porticos do not make a country. Although Dr. Trend has done justice to Mexico's natural beauty and architectural wealth, he has overlooked the burdens and hopes of its people.

JANET WOOD.

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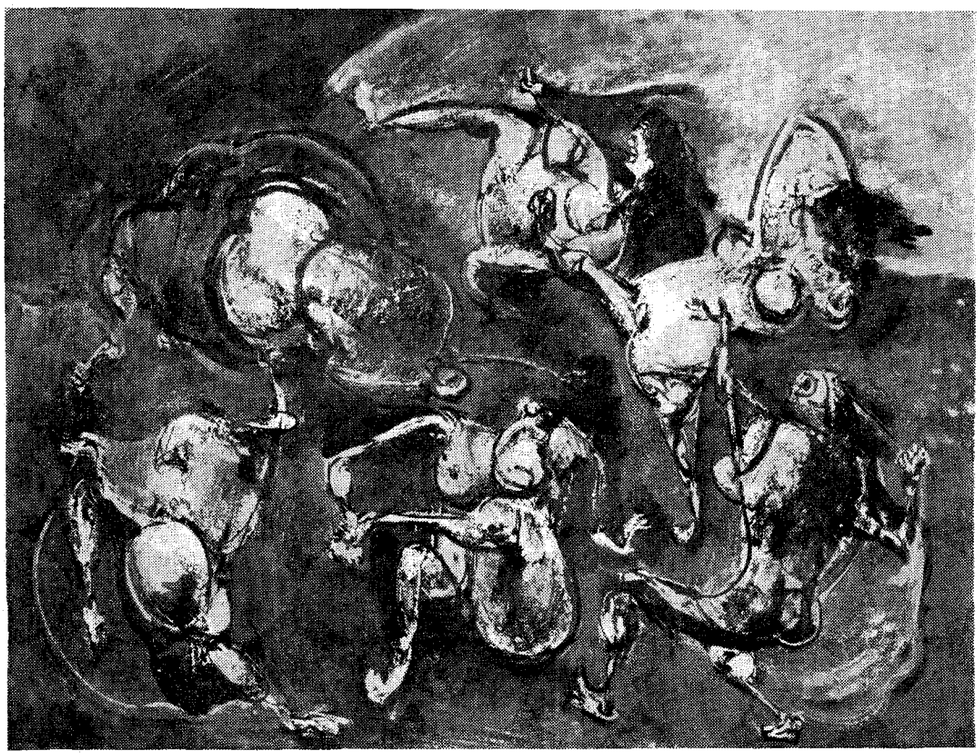
The Art of Max Weber

The distinguished exhibition by a pioneer of modern art in the United States. Isabel Cooper also reviews the Gallery of Direction's show of American cartoons between wars.



EXOTIC DANCE *(above). One of Max Weber's new paintings at his one-man show at the Associated American Artists Gallery, New York City.*

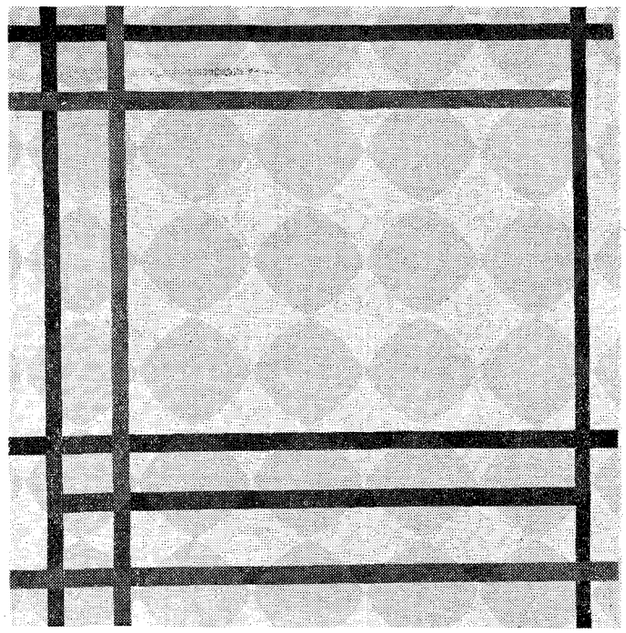
A RECENT PAINTING *(below right), by Piet Mondrian who, with Fernand Leger, has joined the American Abstract Artists in their show at the Riverside Museum, New York City.*

THE thirty years' circle since his first one-man show has seen Max Weber (whose work is on exhibition at the Associated American Artists in New York) complete the connection with tradition which several generations of modern artists had almost lost. At sixty, he stands face to face with that reality which has always been at the base of great art —the tempestuous, thrilling *fact* of human life.

Max Weber was a pioneer in bringing "modern art" to the United States. After student years at the Academie Julian and Colarossi's, he returned to America with tidings of Picasso, Matisse, Henri Rousseau, this at a time when his contemporaries were still seduced by news of the Impressionist revolution of the sixties. When the Armory Show let loose on this savage continent the wonders of van Gogh, Cezanne, *les Fauves,* et al., Weber was not dazzled because he had already been in contact with the modern movement's experimental and theoretical tendencies.

The significant thing is that after years of exploring these tendencies to their limits, Weber has arrived at a use of them which does not reject plastic experiment and esthetic theory; equally it does not deny the meaningfulness of human experience. Thus in his latest work, human beings are set forth not as lay figures or still life objects, but as animate, sensate realities worth at least as much concern as problems of volume and form.

ADORATION OF THE MASTERS *(below). A print by Elizabeth Olds, included in the United American Artists exhibition of silk screen work at the 44th Street Book Fair in New York City.*



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Contents of the WINTER Issue, Volume V, No. 1:

THE NEGRO IN THE ABOLITIONIST MOVEMENT
Herbert Aptheker

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL ON THE EVE OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.....*Samuel Bernstein*

CONTRASTING TWO ECONOMIC SYSTEMS
Vladimir D. Kazakévich

DISCUSSION OF DEWEY'S PHILOSOPHY
Corliss Lamont, V. J. McGill

PICASSO AND THE GUERNICA MURAL
Vernon Clark

Book Reviews

Stanley Archer, George Blair, Addison T. Cutler, Rudolph Fraser, James Miller, Isidor Schneider, Tom Silverberg

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Weber's new orientation, gradually evolving from his own experience, may be noted by comparing the series of paintings of workers and of Jewish themes with a manner carried over from previous periods, the monumental style of such canvases as "At the Lake." The earlier work has a static character; forces are maintained in a false equilibrium, a balance contrary to the natural struggle of growth. The most recent work is dialectical to the extent it presents its material as an interplay of surfaces, textures, light and shade, forms and planes, as in "The Builder." The emotion evoked by the two styles is similarly in contrast: The monumental produces a sense of quietism, the dialectical a sense of human activity which leads to hope.

"The art of Max Weber," writes Donald J. Baer in the catalogue's foreword, "is very old indeed. It calls upon the sculptural and fresco arts of Egypt, the arts of the Mesopotamia Valley, the textiles of the Copts, the great mystic arts of China, India, and Japan, Persian miniatures, Byzantine painting and mosaic, Gothic glass and sculpture." This may all be very true technically. But Weber is now calling on a truth even older than art, man's ancient struggle and aspiration. In periods of relative calm and hope, art flowers with its roots in human life, as Breughel did. In periods like ours, the plant is more agonized, more distorted and tenuous; but it can only *live* by striking its roots ever deeper in the human reality. Weber's new work is hopeful, therefore, both in itself and for the direction it points.

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The exhibition now current at the new Gallery of Direction includes work by Art Young, H. Glintenkamp, Maurice Becker, Rockwell Kent, William Gropper, Abe Birnbaum, Lynd Ward, William Steig, Adolf Dehn, Bennet Buck, among others. It ranges from Glintenkamp's protest against conscription in 1917 to Art Young's up-to-

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the-minute 1941 "Guilty: Of Carrying a Concealed Weapon," a verdict handed down against the American eagle who holds the Bill of Rights. Gropper's "March of Morgan against civil liberties" reveals this contemporary black-and-white master's superb use of tone for satirical effect, while Bennett Buck's use of topical subject matter—Christopher Marlowe and Shirley Temple put on the rack by the Dies committee—suggests that the cartoon has always functioned on two levels, the immediate communication of news and comment and the ultimate documentary and esthetic expression.

The exhibition points out a waste of graphic talent which could be widely employed if channels of publication were greater and free from the censorship of ideas imposed on the cartoon by the "free" press of America.

ISABEL COOPER.

Play without Light

"Tanyard Street," and a spurious stage allegory.

THIS play by Louis D'Alton did not deserve the unconditional walloping it received from the Broadway critics. For despite considerable muddled writing, despite elaborate miscasting and misdirection, it still demonstrated dramaturgic talent far and above the general level of that currently on display, and it had many moments of actual power and movement despite its almost insuperable handicaps.

Mr. D'Alton premises an Irish Catholic veteran of Franco's great "crusade" for Christianity in Spain. There *were* a few misguided Irish volunteers for Franco, who went to Spain under the Irish fascist Duffy, but were so rapidly disillusioned by what they saw on the fascist side that they fought to be repatriated, and very rapidly were. The playwright's volunteer returns, apparently hopelessly crippled. His loyal wife tries vainly to nurse him back to health. The wounded man believes that he sees apparitions of the Holy Mother; and when a seeming miracle occurs, he walks again—contrary to the medical prognosis. Feeling called to the priesthood in gratitude for divine intercession, he must put aside his wife. This she cannot accept, and she confesses that something less than supernatural power wrought the miracle: she herself. The fact that a few moments later she changes her story once again does nothing to alter the true balance of emotional forces, and the curtain comes down upon her self-abnegation (out of love) in the face of her husband's "call."

It is impossible to tell from the play, as presented, whether Mr. D'Alton is writing parable, satire, or realistic drama. You cannot tell, despite the presence in the drama of the veteran's anti-clerical brother, whether the author is bitterly satirizing the church (which he certainly seems to be doing) or sanctifying the crusade of General Franco. (This is the direct responsibility of the director, who also plays the veteran.) Certainly, from the choice of such a hero, he must have had the issues

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of Spain in mind, but *Tanyard Street* does nothing to elucidate his stand. So, despite moments of dramatic action that are validly based in human character, the play evaporates upon the specious spiritual plane of the hero's "vocation."

Outstanding in the cast is the ineffable Barry Fitzgerald, as the wounded man's hypochondriacal uncle. This role is so distorted by over-emphasis as to conceal some of the trenchant social criticism implicit in some of the uncle's lines. And Mr. Fitzgerald himself seems content to imitate his own famous performance of O'Casey's *Paycock*. Zamah Cunningham, Art Smith, Lloyd Gough, and Margo (dreadfully miscast as the wife) work earnestly but vainly to reveal what the author had in mind, but fail to give the drama any real direction. For Mr. D'Alton himself does not seem too sure of what he really wants to say, and Arthur Shields, who directed and plays the hero, has made certain that he did not say it.

"LIBERTY JONES"

One by one our "leading" playwrights climb onto the bandwagon for war. The one-time democratic author of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* gave us *There Shall Be No Night*; the one-time "radical" author of *The Adding Machine* gives us *Flight to the West*. Now Philip Barry, who has always fancied himself as a critic of the foibles of our ruling class, has written a thing called *Liberty Jones*, which has been produced for no particular reason by the Theater Guild.

Liberty Jones is a parable. Its characters rejoice in the names of Liberty, Uncle Sam, Tom, Dick, and Harry, The Three Shirts, Education, Letters, Divinity, and Law, etc., and the parable is all about poor sick Liberty, a lovely redhead (obviously an oversight) who is dying because nobody really loves her well enough to save her life. Uncle Sam, in despair, calls in a handsome reserve officer in the Naval Air Service, who gets to work on the case. Liberty falls for him, but he announces himself as a Liberal, named Tom Smith. He has a more "practical" alter ego named Dick Brown, who follows him around. But before he draws the Symbolic Sword, he tries, like other well-intentioned people, to appease the Totalitarian Menace. He is a softie, Mr. Barry implies.

To Mr. Barry's mind, the Totalitarian Menace is three—The Three Shirts. In this he identifies himself with the rest of his liberal colleagues (Sherwood, Rice, Anderson, et al.) in having not only a Brown Shirt and a Black Shirt, but also a Red Shirt. To make it doubly, triply certain that his audience will identify all three forces—Nazism, Fascism, and Communism—as one and the same thing (which better men than Philip Barry have tried in vain to do), he has one Shirt wear a blond wig, one a black wig, one a red wig. He has one wear a brown sash, one a black sash, one a red sash. He has one wear a brown uniform, one a black uniform, one a red uniform. It gets to be annoying, aside from be-

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BARBARA GILES

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ing plain up-and-down stupid. At various times in the production, which resembles a high-school pageant in Maplewood, N. J., more than anything else, there appear characters named John L. Green, William Lewis, Burl Rowder (or something that sounds like that), assorted adagio dancers, dancing doctors and nurses, sailors, soldiers, "proletarians." Mr. Barry appeals to them all to get together. There is another high point at which someone also says that "the trouble with the upper classes is that they've sat too long on their ——" This, I submit, is valid social criticism.

Well, the Naval Air Service takes off (without benefit of airplane, although you hear a motor offstage), returns, announcing he has made a deal with the Three Shirts. He was wrong, because you can't appease them; they won't be appeased. Okay, says Naval Air Service, "You asked for it," and he puts on his heavy overcoat (with epaulets), draws his sword, and sticks them in the gizzard. Liberty's old nurse, named Ireland (who has always been fighting for Liberty, get it?), yells "That's the only thing they understand!" And the assorted population of soldiers, sailors, and proletarians (but no upper classes who are apparently still sitting), sails in and helps Naval Air Service.

So Liberty, who had married both Tom and Dick in a double ceremony, traverses the Bridge Over the Dark Space with a light step and high courage. Tom apparently vanishes in the process (peace brings disarmament, get it?), for Liberty returns alone, bearing his sword, wearing his heavy overcoat, but without a baby. (Nancy Coleman is a pretty redhead.) The assembled populace cheers.

If you still don't get it, ask the Theater Guild for a libretto.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Stock Farce

In "Out of the Frying Pan" almost everything happens.

NO ONE can call *Out of the Frying Pan* (by Francis Swann, at the Windsor) inspired farce, but it has a lot of laughs and a very amusing performance by Miss Florence Macmichael, who is making her first Broadway appearance.

Put six young unemployed actors (three male, three female) together in a New York apartment directly above a Great Producer with a heart of stone, let nothing them dismay—overdue rent, a father whose discovery of the informal (but pure) arrangement will mean the financial ruin of them all—and you have springboards for almost anything. Almost anything happens, including the conquest of the producer, with jobs dished out to everyone, an engagement, and a baby.

The basic situations are stock farce, and they are exploited competently enough to keep up a running laughter in the audience. There

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are three or four exceedingly funny moments, and the pacing is quick when the fun lags. But it is the happy combination of likeable actors and billiard-ball situations clicking against each other with apparent, but far from actual ease that is responsible for the agreeable total effect. With some debt to the more successful comedies of recent seasons in which everything has appeared but the kitchen stove, the author has selected his situations with a certain degree of judgment. He has even given us the kitchen stove. But beyond this he offers nothing, and it is the performers, not the author, who inject warmth and credibility into the valid emotional dilemma of the actor who has no place to act.

Except for Miss Macmichael and Mabel Paige, who plays the landlady with a rare and gentle humor, the individual performances show earnest workmanship rather than extraordinary talent.

INGRID SVENSON.

"Ain't It the Truth"

The new revue of the American Youth Theater.

THAT irrepressible group known as the American Youth Theater is at it again, this time in a revue called *Ain't It the Truth*. With a bounce and an ingenuousness that characterizes their work, these youngsters are rapidly taking over the spot once held by TAC Cabaret.

The American Youth Theater has produced three musical revues to date, and *Ain't It the Truth* is by far, the smoothest, most accomplished venture thus far.

The sketches, however, are somewhat less successful than the musical numbers. They tend to be farcical where satirical treatment would be more consonant with a progressive theater. Of course there is nothing wrong with broad lusty comedy, but such an excellent selection of subjects as Hollywood, baseball, the detective novel, etc., might profit by more incisive and pointed treatment.

The rest of the show imparts glow, sparkle, and relevance. The opening number is an exciting and novel ensemble introduction called "Opening Finale." "It's Great to Be Alive at Sixty-Five," with fine tune and lyrics, celebrates social security for old age, but marks the need of a little security now for those who are sixty-four and under. Langston Hughes' poem, "Let America Be America Again," has vigor and pace. "Take a Poem, Miss Hogan," is a moving, powerful, anti-war plea by Norman Corwin. The finale of the revue, "Jitterbug," is perhaps the most successful number of all. It makes its statement for peace in the popular idiom of the dance, and is therefore most at home in a musical show. The revue was staged by Paul Roberts, a young and talented actor.

The American Youth Theater is perhaps the only social theater that has survived those days when TAC, and half a dozen groups

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kept many composers and lyric writers busy supplying material for progressive audiences. The audiences are still here, and growing by leaps and bounds. Buddy Yarus, Betty Garret, Kent Adams, Ann Lincoln, Bob Sharon, Sherry Heller, Eleanor Bagley, Bernard West, and Lou Cooper are the boys and girls to extract the most from a song, a dance, or a gag. They perform Saturdays and Sundays at their headquarters, the Malin Studios, 133 West 44th Street, and it's an incomplete weekend that doesn't include stopping by and watching these exuberant people work.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

Cleveland Symphony

New works are presented with Heifetz as soloist.

THE Cleveland Symphony orchestra paid a visit to Carnegie Hall last week. Dr. Artur Rodzinski, its very capable conductor, has long been on friendly terms with contemporary compositions. On this occasion he introduced two works by modern composers which were heard for the first time in New York.

The first novelty was an orchestral suite from the ballet, "The Incredible Flutist," a composition by a Harvard music professor, Walter Piston. Despite a consistently colorful instrumentation and many instances where rhythmical devices were cleverly employed, a synthetic and superficial quality pervaded the entire suite. This was due in part to the trivial nature of the libretto but more, I suspect, to an over-pedantic approach.

A violin concerto by William Walton, a young English composer, was the other new work. With Jascha Heifetz as soloist, it proved engaging and agreeable. Because Mr. Heifetz can make even a C-major scale sound exciting, it was a little difficult to estimate how much his artistry was responsible for the concerto's appeal. It is deftly written and pungently orchestrated. Its intellectual tone, however, never went beneath mere surface glitter.

The only familiar composition on the program was the Strauss *"Ein Heldenleben"* (A Hero's Life). The work was written some forty years ago in a period when ornateness was the predominating style. This taste was dictated to a great extent by a smug and stuffy German middle class, then in the heyday of post-Bismarckian "prosperity." The pretentiousness, the exaggerated posturings, and banality of this tone poem demonstrate once again how much the character of music is determined by the social climate in which it grows and by the specific audience for which it is intended.

Under the steady hand of Dr. Rodzinski the Cleveland orchestra has grown into a first-rate symphonic body with a standard of playing that is uniformly high and programs that are different.

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Participants in New Masses' thirtieth anniversary celebration. From left to right: Dr. Harry F. Ward and Dr. Max Yergan, Bill Gropper, Anna Sokolow, collection speaker Bruce Minton

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